

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 259.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1852.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERET A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 109 NASSAU STREET.

## CONTENTS.

THE WEEK OF THE COUP D'ETAT. BY CARL BENSON.  
LATHAM'S MAN AND HIS MIGRATIONS.  
DR. LIEBER'S ADDRESS ON SELF-EDUCATION.  
BROWNE'S CLASSICAL LITERATURE.  
SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.  
MR. W. G. DIX'S SKETCHES.  
REVIEW OF TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM, from the London Times (concluded).  
BOOKS NOTICED.—Jenkins's Governors of New York—Hirsch's Return of Ulysses—Beecher's Lectures, &c.  
MARKS AND REMARKS.—Causes of Indifferent Books—Kossuth's Speeches—The Roman and the American Capitol—Screws and Wheels—Mr. Webster's Hungarianism—Measure for Measure—Mol of Prince Schwarzenberg—Fable for Louis Napoleon—French Editors—Letter of M. Thomas—Justiciaries at Utah—Polygamy Redivivus—New York Parks—The late Moses Stuart—D. D. Field—The Historical Society.  
NEW RESEARCHES AT SARUM AND STONEHENGE, BY E. G. SQUIER, A PAPER COMMUNICATED TO THE AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.  
THE LATE BAIL MONTAGU.  
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. SAMPSON LOW, 169 Fleet Street, London, is the appointed Agent to receive Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper for Great Britain and the Continent.

## THE WEEK OF THE COUP D'ETAT.

A PARIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERARY WORLD, BY CARL BENSON.

Monday, Dec. 1, 1851.—To-night there is to be the first representation of a new opera at the *Comique*, "Blue Beard's Castle." "We will go and see it," says the spokeswoman of our party.

Now, for my own part, I feel very little enthusiasm in the matter of first representations. Indeed, I would rather not see a new piece till the fourth or fifth night. By not going to first nights you escape a good deal of trash. You escape much disappointment for yourself, and some painful sympathy with author, composer, manager, and artists. Neither the piece nor the audience has fair play the first night; it is too like a last rehearsal—only in public instead of in private. Accidents frequently occur, always jarring, often ridiculous. On the production of *La Perle du Brésil* last week, the tenor inadvertently represented good King Dagobert; he appeared with his continuations wrong side out, and could hardly walk, as may be supposed, to say nothing of the ludicrous figure he cut. But *ce que femme veut*, &c., so we posted off to the Comic Opera, but were too late in the field. "Not one place," said the clerk, before I could open my mouth to ask, or indeed was fairly inside the door. Forthwith a small crowd of enterprising speculators beset me, with offers of stalls and boxes, but I turned a deaf ear to them. Money goes fast enough in Paris without paying these gentlemen a hundred per cent. profit. Something must be done, however, to console the ladies. The plot of the *Perle du Brésil* is manifestly absurd, but the music is Félicien David's; it ought to be good. So up we plod to the *Boulevard du Temple*, "a weary, weary way to go," especially for a man in a misfitting pair of American boots (no people but the French can make boots to fit), and just recovering from a sprained ankle. Plenty of room here; it looks as if the experiment of an opera in the St. Antoine quarter was not remarkably successful.

2½ P.M.—Mount Bay Harry, and off to the *Chateau Madrid*—not exactly the resort for a family man, but I have a business appointment with a person who is not to be found anywhere else at this hour, and whom I cannot go to see at any other. While we are arranging our affair (to prevent any misconception, it should be remarked that the person is of the same sex with myself), Brion's best barouche drives up with a great splash, a four-in-hand before it, dapple-greys and bright bays chequered à l'Américaine, three of my beloved countrymen inside, and a fourth driving. Certainly our people are born whips. This young gentleman—I call him *young gentleman*, for he is some years my junior—where should he have learned to drive? He is a stockbroker, a regular Wall-street man; his professional experience would naturally bring him into contact with bulls and bears, and lame ducks, and other creatures, but not with the noble animal. But is he anything else? Yes, a colonel of militia; and that one fact ought to give him a patent for not knowing anything about a horse. Yet there he is, tooling along with that team as if he had been a stage-coachman all his life. Brion's son is on the box with him—in as neat a groom's livery, by the way, as I ever saw, even in England—and it is a tight race between them which can handle the horses best, though the colonel never saw them before to-day.

I have been meditating this morning on the Parisian *Lorettes* and *femmes entretenues*. Accident has lately given me considerable opportunities of studying these interesting classes of Parisian society. Yes, *accident*, reader mine; the word is not put in out of prudery or conventionalism; it was pure accident; a man who has a passion for horses will find that they sometimes involve him in the acquaintance of some other branches of the animal kingdom before he knows it. And from the little I have seen, it already ceases to be matter of wonder with me that so many of my young countrymen (and, I suspect, so many young Englishmen too) go to the devil with four post horses in this gay capital. If I were to say that these "ladies fair and free" have better manners in public, more reserve, more dignity, a better style altogether than half the women of "our set," dear Gotham would be up in arms against me, and I should never dare to show my face there again. If I were to say that they dress better, walk better, sit better, are more at their ease in company, have more the air of women born to wear pompadour silks and do nothing than the majority of English ladies, an indignant British public might rise against me as one man. So I shall merely say that they are exquisitely got up, elegantly mannered, and—in the presence of third parties, which must be supposed to be the extent of a moral man's experience of them—behave with perfect propriety. Let off a *double entendre* at one of them, and her whole countenance puts on an utter absence of apprehension; half a dozen men around you may be roaring at your equivocal joke, and her frigidity is still such as would do honor to Una or the Lady

in Comus under the like circumstances. Offer one of them a present—some pin or ring which she may have admired, till you take her admiration for a hint—no lady of your acquaintance, married or single, could refuse such a gift more delicately or more firmly.

Why do I dwell on this topic even for a moment? Because there is a real moral in it—a moral very consoling to us brethren of the quill, who are "nothing if not" literary, and do not over-affect drawing-room people, and whom the said drawing-room people are wont to sneer at in their worldly wisdom, perhaps superciliously to denominate *snoobs*. It is this; the utter worthlessness of external refinement, as a test or sign of moral cultivation and real progress towards the highest aims of civilized life. Ponder upon it, O reader! it is worth considering. \* \* \*

A representative for Paris has been elected to-day. There came to me a ticket on Saturday in my copy of the *Corsaire*, putting me in mind of such things at home. I wonder who is chosen. It is Devineck by a large majority; the Legitimists and Orleanists are glad enough. This, and a reported duel between M. Carlier, ex-Prefect of Police, and M. Lavoest, ex-Director of the Gobelins (probably a *canard*), are the most interesting items of political news. \* \* \*

Well, certainly the *Pearl of Brazil* is the greatest trash in the way of plot. There never was anything more incoherent, unsatisfactory, without motive throughout. But the music is some compensation; not that I would exactly endorse what the possibly subventioned critic of the *Corsaire* says of it, that it is "full of great beauties, charming melodies, and ravishing details;" but it is sufficiently pretty (though at times a little noisy for so small a house), never tiresome, and worth a dozen of Halévy's operas any time. Duez, as the *Pearl*, looks and sings very sweetly; but why is it necessary for her to wear such short petticoats (particularly as her ankles are nothing to brag of), or to go to sea in full ball dress?

The audience is not the least amusing part of the spectacle. It is an opera public corresponding to the theatre public of the *Porte St. Martin*. There are plenty of blouses in the pit, and some in the uppermost tier of boxes; a hard-looking set; and the respectables about us have the air of being driven this way by want of funds (the prices are just half those of the *Academy* and the *Italiens*), or like ourselves by stress of first representation.

Tuesday, Dec. 2d.—Rather fatigued by last night's *Brazilian Pearl*, and feeling inclined to put it in the same category with *Mexican opals*, and sleep heavily till past nine, nor should I wake then, but our loquacious and peppery cook intrudes upon my slumbers a full hour before the usual time, alleging as an excuse for this anticipation that if she goes to market later she may meet with a musket ball. "A musket ball!" "Ah, you in your bed there little know what is going on."

The Chamber is dissolved, and they have written "*Lodgings to Let*" over the door.

Thiers, Cavaignac, Changarnier, and Lamoricière, are in prison. The city is in a state of siege, and all the troops marching in from the provinces. Exit cook. So! I told the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, when we took leave of each other, that I was going to Paris to see the next revolution; but verily it has come a little sooner than I expected. Hallo, Desiré! what's all this row about?

The valet confirms all Marie's report, with the additional pleasing intelligence that we are prisoners in the house, no one being permitted to pass in or out. (So much for living in a fashionable situation, next door to the President, or Prince, or Emperor, or whatever he is now.) My Irish-American groom, on attempting to sally forth, and nearly walking over the two little sentinels who tried to stop him, was surrounded by a platoon of twenty-five men, and just on the point of being taken, dead or alive, to the guard-house, but the *concierge*, who is the special providence of all *locataires*, contrived to rescue him from the armed force. Well, we are in no hurry to go out till two; if the court is not clear, then we shall mount Bay Harry, and ride out at full gallop, like a besieged knight of the olden time; let any one stop us that can.

Enter James in a white heat. He swears that he is an American citizen (he was born in the heart of Kilkenny, and never took out his naturalization papers for fear of being called on to do militia duty, until he was obliged to apply for them in order to get a passport to come abroad), that he has been insulted by those (an extensive prefix of epithets more emphatic than complimentary) Frenchmen, that he will make it a national matter, and, moreover, carry his knife and stick it into the first beggar that lays hands on him. I tell him if he does, he will infallibly be shot, without benefit of clergy or trial, and that he had better hold his tongue and mind his business, like the rest of us. This said, I go to breakfast, for man must breakfast, revolution or no revolution; and after the morning meal is despatched, and that rare luxury in Paris, a good American cigar, lighted, I proceed to a front window and reconnoitre. Our *salon* looks out on the *Avenue Gabrielle* (which the French have not yet made up their minds how to spell; for my own part, I hardly know whether it is *Gabriel*, after the angel, or *Gabrielle*, after the mistress), right alongside the *Champs Elysées*. We can see one corner of the President's grounds, where sentinels are always posted. They are not posted there only now, but at every corner, before every house, almost before every tree. They are stopping all who approach within a not very definitely marked distance of the executive mansion, and turning back men, little boys, women with baskets, and every one, not without profuse gesticulation and remonstrances in more than one instance. Hark! there is a shout of men and a trampling of horses. Here comes a body of cavalry at a good hand gallop, and—if that isn't Louis Napoleon! riding like a centaur, as he always does, his pet chestnut prancing superbly, as if conscious of carrying Caesar and his fortunes. He looks bilious, as a man may, after sitting up all night; aware of his peril too, but resolute to meet it. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cry the cortege of pedestrians; off goes the well known silvery-plumed hat, and the Emperor in *posse* bows to the crowd, and smiles to his officers. On sweep the horsemen, the

runners are left behind, but their shouts continue, *Vive la —*. No, it can't be. Yes, but it is, though. Now that he is gone by, they are crying *Vive la République!* How jollily French!

It is just past eleven. Desiré reports the state of siege raised so far as concerns our house. I sally out, and naturally make first for the Legation. The Secretary has not been at home since eight. The *attaché* is very polite, but his manner clearly intimates that he has quite enough to do without talking gossip to curious compatriots, and that he will be more glad of my company on some future occasion. I take the hint and evaporate. The long, narrow-winding street of the *Faubourg St. Honoré* is densely crowded—coats and blouses, men, women, and children, lots of soldiers and police sergeants of course. The armed force generally seem to think it a capital joke. Not a man of them but looks as if he would like no better fun than to attend the execution of Thiers, and bayonet a few thousand Socialists afterwards. Through the broad gates of the *Elysée* you can see numerous carriages of various kinds, private equipages, job *coupés*, some very Lorette-like broughams, as if a portion of the President's fair friends had come to take refuge with him, or were about to decamp. The crowd thickens as you approach the Boulevards. Plenty of foreigners, plenty of women, plenty of carriages and omnibuses. Just as I emerge upon the *Rue de la Concorde* my name is ejaculated near me. It is an old Cantab friend just arrived in time to see the sport. We stop to shake hands, and an officer starts us along with "*Marchez!*"—the last edition I suppose of the old established *circulez*. G— has just been the whole length of the Boulevards, and seen nothing remarkable. We turn back to the *Champs Elysées*, and after five false starts, many of the streets being blocked up by the military, find ourselves there at last. A double line of cuirassiers extends all the way up to the *Arc d'Etoile*. There are very few lookers-on; the interest is concentrated elsewhere. We go back to our quarters and I give G—a practical explanation of the American phrase *taking a horn*. Then he talks of going to his embassy. I suggest that, judging from my own experience at mine, as well as reasoning on general principles, he had better stay away. So he betakes himself to his apartments, and I start on my daily ride. The *Bois de Boulogne* is almost empty of equipages, though there is still a fair sprinkling of equestrians in it.

Let the opera be sung though the heavens fall. If the globe tumble in pieces, the ruins will strike the Parisians at a *spectacle*. To-night we assist, as the vile penny-a-line phrase of the day is, at the debut of a new tenor in *Ernani*, with Cruvelli the heroine. Were I to give my opinion of these artistes (which, being diametrically opposed in both points to the general opinion here, is probably not worth much), it would be that there are several sopranos about quite equal to Cruvelli, and that no living tenor except Mario comes anywhere near Guasco. There is a very good house, though not absolutely a crowded one; everything looks so *en routine* that if the President should appear in his box there opposite us, it would not surprise me in the least. I intimate as much to a friend who has joined us. "Ah," says he, "if you had been where I was half an hour ago, you wouldn't take it so quietly.

All along the Boulevards they are crying *Vive la République! A bas le Dictateur!* One man jumped on a bench and shouted *A bas Napoleon!* Instantly nine or ten police sergeants pounced upon him to drag him off; the rush was such from different quarters, that he was kept stationary among them for a moment. In that moment the nearest twenty bystanders closed upon the policeman; they didn't say a word, but the way they hustled them was a caution. The prisoner vanished, and the sergeants were glad to get off with the loss of their man."

The cavalry left the *Champs Elysées* at five this afternoon. I met them going up the Neuilly road as I came in from my ride. But the bivouac fires of the foot-soldiers are burning clearly when we return home after the opera.

Wednesday, December 3d.—So full two hundred members were arrested at once, and the chamber is most dissolved; they have pulled down the room it used to meet in. That is making a clean sweep; but public opinion seems to justify it. Everything is quiet: there are but two doubtful signs. One, that all the tradesmen are sending in their bills; if you owe a man two francs for work done yesterday, he is after his money. The other, that only eight papers (and most of these semi-official) continue to be published. Still with these the newsmen reap a rich harvest, selling for half a franc, and sometimes even for a franc, what costs them eleven centimes.

The Sun of Austerlitz, which was due yesterday, but only shone metaphorically then, is out in actual splendor to-day. I turn out my American-built phaeton and drive up the Boulevards. Everything wears an every-day appearance, except the extraordinary allowance of soldiers, and the people do not take much notice of them. What they do notice is my phaeton, and the horses in their cobweb harness are stared at as if they were wild animals. Circulating orders are less strictly enforced than yesterday, otherwise I might be taken up, trotters and all, for causing a stoppage. *Quere*, would an English, or Scotch, or American crowd, politically circumstanced as these people are, stop to look at Cleopatra's galley or a team of fiery dragons?

It is singular; there seems to be no opposition worth mentioning; a little talk—very little even of that. The citizens generally look very much pleased at what has happened. As to the cries last night, a few hundred turbulent individuals can make a great deal of noise. Will Louis Napoleon, then, have it so easily and absolutely his own way? Suppose he should not—if the army were to prove unsound after all; if the provinces were to march against Paris (though that would indeed be a new era in French history), what then? I think he would fight even to the death. Who can doubt his valor, when he has so many times braved, not merely danger, but what a Frenchman dreads infinitely more than danger—ridicule? Then consider what a prize he has to contend for! Power hardly limited, in fact; wealth, pomp, and luxury scarcely even limited in name. Put yourself in his place once—suppose you had enjoyed for three years what he has enjoyed—his palace, his stables, his seraglio, his flatterers—for three years, not long enough for any of these pleasures to pall upon you; just long enough for them to become habitual and in some sort necessary—all at once you



are menaced with the loss of them all, aye and disgrace, perhaps exile, into the bargain. Would you not fight? Would you not move Acheron, if you could not bend the gods above? No, you say, I would not break my word; I would not shed blood, even worthless blood, for a few years' more enjoyment of the temporal gauds you mention. Very well, reader. Perhaps, reader, you and I would not fight for these things. We have no abiding city here. We will take the goods the gods provide, and when fortune frowns we will wrap ourselves up in our virtue. We would fight for our wives and children, for our religion if the Papist or the infidel menaced it, for our God and for heaven. Well, Louis Napoleon is fighting for his God and his heaven. For the voluptuary's heaven is on this earth; he has his good things now.

Whether then we look at the favorable or unfavorable side of his character, I think the President is safe to fight; but it does not look much as if he would have any such necessity. Many of my countrymen are of a different opinion. They are sending for their passports by dozens; but nothing to the way in which *les Milords Russes* are beginning to send. Still fewer people in the *Bois de Boulogne* to-day than yesterday.

No theatres to-night. A French friend calls upon us, a gentleman of the old school, in all respects the reverse of *la Jeune France*, which, be it said without hesitation, is much worse than Young New York in Young New York's worst points, more slangy, more rude, more vicious, less manly, less able to discriminate between ladies and actresses. One of the regular *Faubourg St. Germaine* set, he is of course a legitimist. I offer him some bad *negus* (made of St. George) and some good cigars; after he has smoked five of them he lets out his ideas about the present state of things. "*M. le Président* has caught us nicely, and the Orleanists as well. We have to elect between the humiliation of a Dictatorship and the danger of our throats being cut by the Socialists. It is a melancholy choice; still there can be no doubt as to the alternative to be preferred."

It seems the President received as usual on Monday night. The company did not leave till after eleven, and he was visible himself till after ten. Between midnight and six next morning the blow was struck.

Thursday, December 4th.—Tradesmen continue to pour in with their bills, all wearing long faces and complaining that their workmen are leaving them. I sit down to indite a long letter home, not without considerable doubts of its reaching its destination, at least till one or two mails after the proper time. At noon come fearful rumors of mutiny in the provinces and barricades in the city. I rush out and meet a diplomatic friend who in the excitement of the moment has forgotten his diplomatic caution. He says the scene on the Boulevards last night was terrific. As the squadrons of lancers passed along, they were half followed half surrounded by a dense crowd, shouting, or rather growling, *Vive la République! À bas les tyrans!* till the hoarse roar fairly drowned the noise of the horses' feet. Two artillery men were dragged from their *fourgon*, and all but torn to pieces before the troops could rescue. Several isolated acts of violence on the part of the populace were checked by shooting the aggressors down like dogs. Barricades are up at this moment

in the old traditional places, and the fight has begun in earnest.

Meanwhile everything in this quarter maintains its ordinary appearance. All the soldiers, except the usual allowance of sentinels about the executive mansion, are gone; their presence is doubtless required elsewhere. Except a couple of thundering proclamations (and those not printed in very large type or posted very conspicuously) there is nothing within a quarter of a mile of us which could lead a stranger to suspect that less than two miles off a murderous conflict is raging.

But so goes the world. "One half of it knows not how the other half lives." Strangely insufficient expression! How many people really know—I do not ask how many gossips pretend to know—how their neighbors live? what they are saying, and doing, and meditating. Here is a man that calls you his friend, and you call him yours. You were at school together and travelled half over Europe together. You drive him out behind your new trotter, and he gives you a dinner at Delmonico's. He praises your book, and you swear by his wine. He votes with you at elections, and you depend on his judgment in hiring a house. You lent him money when he was cornered in Harlem stock, and he kicked Store Hunter for speaking ill of you. If somebody were to say that he is not your friend, you would show that somebody the door very soon. Three days ago this friend of yours was making desperate love to your wife; it is no fault of his that she did not run away with him. You are banqueting at the *Anglais* with Tom Edwards and Gerard Ludlow and Harry Masters—a jolly *partie carrée*—drinking *Romanée gelée* like water, wondering what Frank Sumner is doing in New York, and regretting his absence. To hear your companions talk you would think the only thing to be regretted on earth at this moment is that Frank Sumner is not here to taste this *filet à la Milanaise*. A few hundred yards off some luckless mechanic is starving, some girl is selling her honor to save her own and her mother's life, some bankrupt speculator is preparing to blow his brains out. But why multiply instances of what every one knows if he will give himself the trouble to think of it? It is all in accordance then with the way of the world that I go straight to the coach-maker's and give directions how the wheels of my wagon are to be repainted, *rouge clair filets bleu foncé*, just as if the Parisians were not killing one another almost within hearing. And then I stop in the *Rue Castiglione* to have a little cane mended.

Thus far the shops are all open, but on crossing the *Place Vendôme*, the signs of trouble are beginning to manifest themselves in the rapidly closing shutters. Of the two very stringent proclamations already alluded to, that relating to the non-circulation of carriages is but partially regarded, that bidding the citizens to stay at home utterly disregarded. Knots of people are at every shop door in the *Rue de la Paix*, and not a few on the *trottoir*, one group especially surrounding a coachman, who is relating how his carriage was taken from under his feet—to form a barricade, doubtless. The *Boulevard des Capucines* is thronged, but not a shop open. Horsemen pass to and fro continually. It is one, and having breakfasted very slightly, I feel decidedly hungry, but there is no chance of getting anything

to eat unless I go home; all the confectioners are shut up. Here and there a cigar shop is open, and one or two druggists have their shutters down, as if looking out for the wounded. All the other shopmen have holiday perforce. Thus far the middle of the street is unobstructed, though there are not a great many carriages to be seen: but when we reach the *Rue Lafitte*, a line of infantry is drawn across from causeway to causeway just above the street, forbidding all passage, the causeways themselves being still left free for the circulation of foot passengers. Just below the street is ranged a corresponding line of citizens, coats and blouses intermingled; it looks as if they were facing the troops and ready to fight them at any moment, but in reality it is only to see as much as they can of what is going on above—which happens to be just nothing, owing to the sharp angle made by the boulevards at the *Rue Richelieu*. We double the angle and proceed with quickened step and heightened curiosity. The boulevards are neither crowded nor deserted—something between the two; there are perhaps about one third as many people on the *trottoirs* as there would be on an ordinary day. The troops (infantry) occupy the middle of the street. We pass the *Rue Faubourg Montmartre*. This usually crowded thoroughfare is almost empty, but many curious eyes are turned down it. The object of attraction is an overturned carriage, perhaps the very one that was "pulled from under the feet" of our friend in the *Rue de la Paix*, the commencement of an interrupted barricade. Six soldiers are guarding it reverently, walking round it at a respectful distance, with arms presented as if they still expected it to explode with socialism, Trojan-horse fashion.

(To be continued.)

#### LITERATURE.

##### LATHAM'S MAN AND HIS MIGRATIONS.\*

THIS is truly and emphatically a small book on a great subject. And not only is the subject a large one and of constantly increasing interest, but it is treated with marked ability by the learned author, the most prominent writer in England on ethnology since the death of Dr. Prichard. The present work will serve as an excellent introduction to the study of his larger and more pretending one entitled "*The Varieties of Man*;" indeed it will be found almost indispensably necessary by every person not already familiar with the subject of ethnology, in consequence of the abruptness and enigmatical brevity of Dr. Latham's style, the many novel terms he makes use of, and the mode in which he mixes general statements with particular instances, well entertained facts and principles with discussions on disputed points.

"*Man and his Migrations*" is divided into six chapters, which contain a course of as many lectures, delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool. The three first lectures the author devotes to laying the subject fully before his hearers, now become his readers. The three last are employed in advocating the view adopted by himself, which is that of the unity of the human race. This course he evidently follows as the simplest one; because if he can satisfactorily demonstrate the correctness of his own doctrine, all an-

\* *Man and his Migrations*. By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S. New York: Charles B. Norton. 12mo. pp. 261.

tagonistic theories fall of themselves to the ground. But to particularize.

The first chapter contains a brief sketch of the early history of ethnological science.

The second describes the objects of ethnology, and the chief problems connected with it, viz: the unity or non-unity of the human species; its antiquity; and its geographical origin.

The third chapter describes the methods of pursuing the science, which are those of observation and induction, rather than of experiment. The proper principles of classifying the varieties of man are discussed. The value of language as a test of affinity is particularly insisted upon and illustrated. We quote the following passages:—

"It is these elements of uncertainty so profusely mixed up with almost all the other classes of ethnological facts, that give such a high value, as an instrument of investigation, to *Language*; inasmuch as, although two different families of mankind may agree in having skins of the same color, or hair of the same texture, without, thereby, being connected in the way of relationship, it is hard to conceive how they could agree in calling the same objects by the same name, without a community of origin, or else either direct or indirect intercourse. Affiliation or intercourse—one of the two—this community of language exhibits. One to the exclusion of the other it does not exhibit. If it did so, it would be of greater value than it is. Still it indicates one of the two; and either fact is worth looking for."

"A reasonable philologist makes similarity of language strong—very strong—*primâ facie* evidence in favor of community of descent.

"When does it imply this, and when does it merely denote commercial or social intercourse? We can measure the phenomena of languages and exhibit the results numerically. Thus the *per centage* of words common to two languages may be 1, 2, 3, 4—98, 99, or any intermediate number. But now comes the application of a maxim. *Ponderanda non numeranda*. We ask what sort of words coincide, as well as *how many*? When the names of such objects as *fire, water, sun, moon, star, hand, tooth, tongue, foot, &c.*, agree, we draw an inference very different from the one which arises out of the presence of such words as *ennui, fashion, quadrille, violin, &c.* Common sense distinguishes the words which are likely to be borrowed from one language into another, from those which were originally common to the two.

"There are a certain amount of French words in English, *i. e.* of words borrowed from the French. I do not know the *per centage*, nor yet the time required for their introduction; and as I am illustrating the subject, rather than seeking specific results, this is unimportant. Prolong the time, and multiply the words; remembering that the former can be done indefinitely. Or, instead of doing this, increase the points of contact between the languages. What follows? We soon begin to think of a familiar set of illustrations; some classical and some vulgar—of the Delphic ship so often mended as to retain but an equivocal identity; of the Highlander's knife, with its two new blades and three new handles; of Sir John Cutler's silk stockings degenerated into worsted by darnings. We are brought to the edge of a new question. We must tread slowly, accordingly.

"In the English words *call-est*, *call-eth* (*call-s*), and *call-ed*, we have two parts; the first being the root itself, the second a sign of *person*, or *tense*. The same is the case with the word *father-s*, *son-s*, &c.; except that the *-s* denotes *case*; and that it is attached to a substantive, instead of a verb. Again, in *wis-er* we have the sign of a comparative; in *wis-est* that of a superlative degree. All these are *inflexions*. If we choose, we may call them *in-*

*flexional* elements; and it is convenient to do so; since we can then analyse words and contrast the different parts of them: *e. g.* in *call-s* the *call-* is radical, the *-s* inflexional.

"Having become familiarized with this distinction, we may now take a word of French or German origin—say *fashion* or *waltz*. Each, of course, is foreign. Nevertheless, when introduced into English, it takes an English inflexion. Hence we say, *If I dress absurdly, it is fashion's fault*; also, *I am waltz-ing, I waltz-ed, he waltz-es*—and so on. In these particular words, then, the inflexional part has been English; even when the radical was foreign. This is no isolated fact. On the contrary, it is sufficiently common to be generalized so that the *grammatical* part of language has been accredited with a permanence which has been denied to the *glossarial* or *vocabular*. The one changes, the other is constant; the one is immortal, the other fleeting; the one form, the other matter."

Lastly, it is shown how the phenomena of the dispersion and distribution of races over the earth's surface throw valuable light on the migrations and displacements of populations anterior to the dawn of history.

In the fourth and fifth chapters the author endeavors to connect the populations of the globe in the following manner. He says, if the inhabited world were one large circular island, and if its population were admitted to have been diffused over its surface from some single point, it would be most natural to place this point hypothetically in the centre,—and this on the principle of not multiplying causes unnecessarily; since the moment we say that any part of the circumference was reached by a shorter or longer line than the other, we make a specific assertion requiring specific arguments to support it. Something of this kind, he says, can be done with respect to the earth as it is. Thus, assuming provisionally that the peopling of the earth commenced at the centre of its habitable part, let us take the extreme points as the starting places of our investigation, and see to what extent they converge. The following six points are then taken: 1. Terra del Fuego; 2. Van Diemen's Land; 3. Easter Island; 4. The Cape of Good Hope; 5. Lapland; 6. Ireland. And the author traces from these points the populations of America, Australasia, Polynesia, Africa, and Europe, back to the northeast, southeast, southwest, and northwest of Asia respectively.

There are two portions of this argument which we will extract, partly on account of their intrinsic interest, and partly because they differ from views now very commonly entertained. The first of these relates to the peopling of the American continents:—

"I believe that if the Pacific coast of America had been the one first discovered and fullest described, so that Russian America, New Caledonia, Queen Charlotte's Archipelago, and Nutka Sound, had been as well known as we know Canada and New Brunswick, there would never have been any doubts or difficulties as to the origin of the so-called Red Indians of the New World; and no one would ever have speculated about Africans finding their way to Brazil, or Polynesians to California. The common-sense *primâ facie* view would have been admitted at once, instead of being partially refined on and partially abandoned. North-eastern Asia would have passed for the fatherland to North-western America; and instead of Chinese and Japanese characteristics creating wonder when discovered in Mexico and Peru, the only wonder would have been in the rarity of the occurrence. But geographical discovery

came from another quarter; and as it was the Indians of the Atlantic whose history first served as food for speculation, the most natural view of the origin of the American population was the last to be adopted—perhaps it has still to be recognised.

"The reason for all this lies in the following fact. The Eskimo, who form the only family common to the Old and the New World, stand in a remarkable contrast to the unequivocal and admitted American aborigines of Labrador, Newfoundland, Canada, the New England States, New York, and the other well known Indians in general. Size, manners, physical conformation, and language, all help to separate the two stocks. But this contrast extends only to the parts east of the Rocky Mountains. On the west of them there is no such abruptness, no such definitude, no such trenchant lines of demarcation. The Athabascan dialects of New Caledonia and Russian America are notably interspersed with Eskimo words, and *vice versa*. So is the Koluch tongue of the parts about New Archangel. As for a remarkable dialect called the Ugalents (or Ugyalyackmutsi) spoken by a few families about Mount St. Elias, it is truly transitional in character. Besides this, what applies to the language applies to the other characteristics as well.

"The lines of separation between the Eskimo and the non-Eskimo Americans are as faint on the Pacific, as they are strong on the Atlantic side of the continent.

"What accounts for this? The phenomenon is by no means rare. The Laplander, strongly contrasted with the Norwegian on the west, graduates into the Finlander on the east. The relation of the Hottentot to the Kaffir has been already noticed. So has the hypothesis that explains it. One stock has encroached upon another, and the transitional forms have been displaced. In the particular case before us, the encroaching tribes of the Algonkin class have pressed upon the Eskimo from the south; and just as the present Norwegians and Swedes now occupy the country of a family which was originally akin to the Laps of Lapland (but with more southern characters), the Micmacs and other Red Men have superseded the southerly and transitional Eskimo. Meanwhile, in North-western America no such displacement has taken place. The families still stand *in situ*; and the phenomena of transition have escaped obliteration.

"Just as the Eskimo graduate into the American Indian, so do they pass into the populations of North-eastern Asia—language being the instrument which the present writer has more especially employed in their affiliation. From the Peninsula of Alaska to the Aleutian chain of islands, and from the Aleutian chain to Kamtskatka, is the probable course of the migration from Asia to America—traced backwards, *i. e.* from the goal to the starting-point, from the circumference to the centre."

Our second extract relates to the connexion between the languages of Africa and the Shemitish tongues:—

"I believe that the Semitic element of the Berber, the Coptic, and the Galla, is clear and unequivocal; in other words, that these languages are truly Sub-Semitic.

"In the languages of Abyssinia, the Gheez and Tigré, admitted, as long as they have been known at all, to be Semitic, graduate through the Amharic, the Falasha, the Harargi, the Gafat, and other languages which may be well studied in Dr. Beke's valuable comparative tables, into the Agow tongue, unequivocally indigenous to Abyssinia; and through this into the true Negro classes.

"But unequivocal as may be the Semitic element of the Berber, Coptic, and Galla, their affinities with the tongues of Western and Southern Africa are more so. I weigh my



words when I say, not *equally*, but *more*. Changing the expression, for every foot in advance which can be made towards the Semitic tongues in one direction, the African philologist can go a yard towards the Negro ones in the other."

This will appear new and even startling to many; and the author acknowledges that to prove it in full detail would require a large volume. Still he expresses himself satisfied that investigation will show its correctness.

In the *sixth* and last chapter Dr. Latham takes up the different lines of migration at the points where they were dropped, and enters into an elaborate examination of the relations in which the multiform languages of Asia stand to each other. The result of his investigations is thus modestly expressed:—

"If we now look back upon the ground that has been gone over, we shall find that the evidence of the human family having originated in one particular spot, and having diffused itself from thence to the very extremities of the earth, is by no means absolute and conclusive. Still less is it certain that that particular spot has been ascertained. The present writer *believes* that it was somewhere in intratropical Asia, and that it was the *single locality of a single pair*—without, however, professing to have proved it."

The American reprint of the book is neatly although not very correctly executed.

#### DR. LIEBER'S ADDRESS ON SELF-EDUCATION.\*

THIS address was delivered by Dr. Lieber, in his character of *temporary* President of the University of South Carolina. With the wide acknowledgment of his learning everywhere, confirmed by his late election to membership of the French Institute, and with this address, as a fresh reminder of his ability, before us, we ask how is it that South Carolina has failed to secure the best interests of its University, by not making Dr. Lieber its *permanent* President?

This address is the unstudied, fervid utterance of a warm heart and full mind, showing a deep feeling for the wants of humanity, and a strong intellect, powerful to grapple with those wants. The style of the address is direct and forcible, and is occasionally marked with the graces of a finished rhetoric. Mark with what grace and feeling this tribute is paid to the late President, the Hon. Wm. Campbell Preston:

"Where, in fact, am I standing? I stand here where an orator has stood of wide and high American repute, whose wealthy eloquence has often gushed forth from this very spot in all the native energy of his Saxon idiom, perfumed with the fragrance of a scholar's mind and the aroma of a cultivated taste—a speaker whose oratory is yet fondly remembered by the humblest classes of our people. It is not more than a twelvemonth ago that one of them, as they assembled around the house of justice, on judgment days, said within my hearing, when your late President passed by, with his infirm step, with which, unfortunately, you are familiar—pointing at him, the humble man said to his neighbors: 'That man used to talk like a mocking-bird.' And may I not add to this graceful testimonial, spontaneous like our grateful jasmine in the uncultivated woods, the words of the greatest Italian poet, when he addresses Virgil as 'the fount whence issues forth a broad, deep stream of speech?'"

In Dr. Lieber we always find the scholar freely sharing his wealth of learning with the humanitarian. With the riches of the past he humanely endows the living. The experience of history enlightens the present. Unlike many of our academic, scholastic teachers, Dr. Lieber acknowledges the pertinency of the time-being, its questions and its interests. Of labor and communism he thus wisely discourses, and draws the great moral that errors are most frequently caricatures of truth, which frighten the timid and please the taste of the perverted:

"Do you turn your attention to the subject of Labor—one of the indicative elements of every stage of civilization? You will find that one of the most characteristic features of our age consists in the close union, the wedlock of Knowledge and Labor, and the utmost stretch of productiveness to which labour has been carried. Knowledge has become dis-aristocratized, if I may make a word, and Labor has become dignified. No great and searching a change has produced many revolutions in the whole state of human things, and will produce infinitely more—for *certain* weal in the end, for some woe in the transition. I do not maintain that all these changes have been directly for the better; there is no struggle in the course of civilization that does not leave its dead and wounded on the battle-field. Nor do I say, that the great idea of the dignity of labor is not carried at times to an extreme, in which it appears as a distorted caricature, even to hideousness. We need only think of the French communism; but remember, how often I have endeavored to impress upon your minds the truth, that there is no great and working idea in history, no impulse which passes on through whole masses, like a heaving wave over the sea, no yearning and endeavor which gives a marking character to a period, and no new institution or new truth, which becomes the substantial addition that a certain age adds to the stock of progressive civilization—that has not its own caricature and distorted reflection along with it. No Luther rises with heroic purpose, without being caricatured in a Carlsbad. The miracle wrought by Him, to whom it was no miracle, is mimicked in toyish marvels for easy minds. The communists are to the dignity of labor what the hideous anabaptists were to the reformation, or tyrannical hypocrites in England to the idea of British liberty in a Pym or Hampden. There was a truth of elementary importance conveyed in the saying of former ages, however irreverent it may appear to our taste, that Satan is the mimicking and grimacing clown of the Lord. I will go further and say, that no great truth can be said to have fairly begun to work itself into practice, and to produce, like a vernal breath, a new growth of things, if we do not observe somewhere this historic caricature. Has Christianity itself fared better? Was the first idea, which through a series of errors led to the anchorites and pillar saints, not a true and holy one? Does not all fanaticism consist in recklessly carrying a true idea to an extreme, irrespective of other equally true ones, which ought to be developed conjointly, and under the salutary influence of mutual modification? There is truth in the first idea whence the communist starts, as much so as there is truth in the idea which serves as a starting post for the advocate of the ungodly theory of divine right; but both carry out their fundamental principle to madness, and, ultimately, often run a-muck in sanguinary ferocity. Do not allow yourself, then, to be misled by these distortions, or to be driven into hopeless timidity, which would end in utter irresolution, and a misconception of the firmest truths."

And again observe how in the catholic spirit of a philosophic historian, he connects

the past with the present—ancient Nineveh and modern London:

"I told you that I lately beheld the remains of Nineveh's grandeur. In the same city, whither the emblems of Assyrian sway have travelled—a symbolic indication of the direction which the course of history itself has taken, from Asia through the South of Europe, to the northern nations—in the same city where the wonder of our age was erected, the greatest monument of Peace and Good Will, there too I have repeatedly visited the Ragged School and those rescue schools for young abandoned thieves, and offending girls, far more difficult to reclaim than thieves; and I believe that man was never engaged in a more Christian and holy cause. If we justly observe that Christianity has produced by far the vastest changes in society, government, national intercourse, commerce, and literature, simply because it changed the inner man, and, therefore, humanity itself; we ought to add: And it has been able to produce the Ragged School. Kings and governments have in all ages occupied themselves, at times, with high empires; but it was left to our day to hear monarchs mention in their pithy throne speeches, addressed to assembled parliaments, the Primer, the Penitentiary, and the Potatoe,—the poorest food for the poorest people. These are signs that stand for multitudes of things."

#### BROWNE'S CLASSICAL LITERATURE.\*

THIS is much more than an excellent textbook for college and seminary instruction in the rise and progress of Greek literature; it is a tasteful and readable manual for the library of the general scholar; the man who, ignorant of gerunds and supines, desires a companionable guide through these lettered remains of the past, from the "tale of Troy divine" to the last evening murmuring of the bees of Hymettus. Mr. Browne, Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London, accurate in fact and copious in reference, in a clear style, informed with topics of general interest, remote from pedantry, has conferred a valuable gift on the American public by this undertaking of a comprehensive literary history, which is also to include an appropriate sequel in the *Literature of Rome*. The information which we have of these topics is scattered in the excellent Dictionaries of Smith and Anthon; but we need it in a more continuous form. Many years ago Dunlop's *Roman Literature* was republished in this country, but it has long been out of print. It was a college favorite, as a warm and eloquent friend, keeping company with the student through the labyrinth of classical studies, where the perplexity of the way will turn the rarest beauties of flower and foliage to pain. With the exception of Grote and Thirlwall, and the admirable introductory essay of Henry Nelson Coleridge, and occasional passages in such books as Aubrey de Vere's *Greece*, we are behind the stock of English information on this topic, Muller and Mure yet remaining unprinted here. So that a book which gathers up the latest results of the best scholarship is welcome.

The plan of this work is to proceed by careful analysis, resting each fact or reference on exact quotation, making the author his own best interpreter, and beyond this, without pretence, inducing such general speculations as afford a philosophical key to the whole.

\* *A History of Classical Literature*. By R. W. Browne, M.A. Greek Literature. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea.

\* An Address to the Graduating Class of S. C. College, at Commencement, on 1st of December, 1851, by Francis Lieber, of the French Institute, Columbia, S. C.

From the chapter on "the descriptive accuracy and general truthfulness of Greek literature," we take a passage or two illustrative of the author's mode of treatment:

#### THE GREEK EUPHEMISM.

"Their euphemism, which, in the intercourse of social life, caused them to shrink from speaking of unpleasant subjects in such terms as could give offence to the most refined taste, pervaded the whole of their literature, and thus affected not only the moral but also the descriptive character of their poetry. Generally speaking, the sublime and terrible scenes of nature had far less charms for them than the softer beauties. Rocks, mountains, precipices, awoke a series of painful images, only appropriate to emergencies in which such scenery was absolutely indispensable. The ravines of the inhospitable Caucasus were suitable to the tortures of Prometheus—the bare grey cliffs of Mycenæ to the Pelopid tragedies—the savage wildness of Cithæron to the unnatural exposure of *Œdipus*. The crystal rivulet, the soft and verdant turf, inviting repose—the shade of the broad plane-tree—were scenes in which their imagination took far more delight. Picturesque grandeur did not affect the Greek mind with pleasure, as it does the minds of those who inhabit the more northern parts of Europe, and who are accustomed to the sterner and severer beauties of nature, as they are to the rigors of more inhospitable climates. Often does Homer, who would devote a long description to some scene of genial beauty—who paints the sunny coasts of Ionia, the lovely kingdom of the Phœnicians, the marvellous gardens of Alcinoüs, with all the varied tints of his luxuriant fancy—pass over, with the mere distinction of an epithet, scenes of rude and gloomy beauty.

"Perhaps it is for this reason that the Greek poets do not describe extensive general views, what the moderns term landscapes, but that their descriptive poetry deals in details. Greece was, in its general features, wild and mountainous. Its rock-bound coasts, although washed by the waters of the ever-varying sea, indented by many a beautiful creek and bay, and many a cheerful and populous harbor, teeming with activity and life, presented generally an escarped and rugged aspect. But embosomed in the recesses of these wilds were spots of excessive beauty, green oases, as it were, in the desert, which promised that personal and sensuous enjoyment which in so many instances appears connected with Greek ideas of beauty.

"Greek landscape, therefore, was necessarily of a severe character,—a more northern taste would have appreciated it, but it would not appeal to the sensibilities of an Ionian. The poet, therefore, who was the guide of national taste, as being the more perfect representative of the national mind, would not think it inconsistent with faithfulness to pass this over, and to devote his talents to those especial features which were calculated to call forth the sympathies of his hearers.

"To paint the loveliness, and pass over the rudeness of nature, might have been disingenuous in a geographer, who professed as his sole object to describe impartially the faults as well as the beauties of a country; but a poet was perfectly justified in selecting beauty, and passing over what he considered deformity, just as the kindred art of the sculptor endeavors to represent not the average of human nature, but the perfection of ideal beauty."

#### LOVE OF THE SEA.

"This tendency of the Greek poets to seize on whatever they considered as the beautiful is also exemplified in the large proportionate space which the sea occupies in their works, the delight with which they dwell upon all ideas connected with it. The chief beauty of Greece is its sea. Almost encircled and girdled by it as an island, Attica, as its ancient name implied, is

all shore. From every high ground, from the principal parts of Athens itself, the sea is visible; nor could any one look to seaward and not observe that bright and transparent atmosphere by which the climate is characterized. And not only by its natural beauties, but by the benefits which it conferred upon Greece, the sea appealed to the national sympathies. The inhabitant of the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor could not but remember that when his ancestors sailed across it from the west they brought with them those liberties and institutions, which rendered him immeasurably superior to his Oriental neighbors, and constituted the difference between Greek and Barbarian. He felt every day that the same waves wafted to him the wealth and civilization which were the means of maintaining that superiority. Although the scene of the *'Iliad'* is laid on shore, the passages in it which refer to the sea are numerous, and the adventures narrated in the *'Odyssey'* are almost exclusively maritime.

"If we carry our thoughts onwards to later times; to the glorious naval engagements between Greece and Persia; to the time when Themistocles, fortified by the voice of the oracle, bade Greece look for protection to her wooden walls; and, lastly, to the supremacy essentially naval which Athens maintained in the Peloponnesian war, we find that the sea was the source of national greatness, and must have reminded the Greek patriot, whenever he looked upon it, of the high destinies of his race. The love with which the Greek regarded the sea, the gratitude which he felt towards it as the source of his national greatness and prosperity, is represented by the numerous maritime descriptions and metaphors and illustrations which are used as ornaments in Greek poetry universally, and are especially to be remarked in the writings of the tragic poets."

#### ACCURACY OF HOMER'S DESCRIPTIONS.

"Whenever fidelity and accuracy are to be expected, whenever truth is necessary to the consistency of the narrative, and geographical position and physical descriptions would illustrate the story, the ancient Greek poets do not fail. So accurate, for example, is Homer in this respect, that the internal evidence furnished by his geographical descriptions goes far, as has already been shown, to determine the country of which he was a native. Ample testimony has been borne to the fidelity of Homer's descriptions by geographers both of ancient and modern times. Strabo constantly appeals to his authority. Wood, in his *'Essay on the Genius of Homer,'* shows the correspondence between Homer's descriptions, and the results of his own travels, and Colonel Leake finds in the Homeric poems a topographical guide which seldom fails in accuracy.

"The long and snow-capped ridge of Olympus strikes the traveller as deserving these epithets more than any of the neighboring mountains. Phthia, nourisher of men, forms in the present day the most fertile portion of Thessaly. In the fat Boeotia the harvest is often plenteous when it fails in the rest of Greece; and the plain of Thebes is especially famed for its fertility; Scyros is, as Homer described it, the escarped; Aulis, the rocky; Lacedæmon, the hollow. The confessed beauty of the plain of Sparta still renders it deserving of Homer's epithet of lovely. Both Dodonæ have their severe winters; Pyraos its flowery meads; Epidaurus its vineyards. The Cyclopean remains of Pelægie architecture, which mark the sites of Tyrins and Mycenæ, prove that these cities well deserved the Homeric epithet of well-built.

"Even the apparent misrepresentations of Homer are capable of satisfactory explanation. In the *'Iliad,'* for example, he describes Neptune as seated on the island of Samothrace, surveying the plains of Troy. It might be supposed that he neglected the fact that Imbros, by its

position between these two localities, would intercept the view. But in reality, viewed from the Straits of the Dardanelles, the steep rocks of Samothrace are seen to elevate themselves far above the comparatively low lands of Imbros. Still, low as Imbros lies, its rocky coast is steep and escarped, and deserves the Homeric epithet *καταλόσσα*, compared with the still more level shores of the neighboring island Lesbos."

#### A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.\*

WHEN Sir Francis Head proposed, the other day in an advertisement, to call this book of Parisian sketches by the very colloquial phrase, "all in my eye," he was laughed at for his invasion of the slang of the streets, some wag conjecturing that he was about to engage upon a biography of the venerable and much-appealed to Betty Martin. "All in my eye, Betty Martin!" But, disengaged from this familiar association it was a very good title, the words taken literally being exactly descriptive of a book which is a species of daguerreotype view of the surfaces of things, where the observation of the eye is everywhere and everything. "A faggot of French sticks" suggests a book of fancy and conceits, and is less to the point. It is borrowed from those quaint bundles of twigs, sold in the shops, which look so contemptible in a Paris winter to an American forester—till he comes to pay for them.

We would call Sir Francis Head's new work an ameliorated guide book. It has the facts and literalness of Galignani, but like a French dish of some ordinary material, these are smothered in a most delicious cream of humor and pleasantry—the *sauce piquante* of an old campaigner, a good English constitution, much travel, much club life, much reading, with a full attainment of the difficult art of pleasing and being pleased. This is Sir Francis Head, the "old man" of the Bubbles.

In England, to be sure, they call him an Eccentric Baronet, and are quite out of patience with him just now, not hesitating to apply the obnoxious word—

Oh, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a clubman's ear—

SNOW!—for his handsome and particularly timely eulogy of M. Louis Napoleon. Adopting Sir Francis Head's policy, readers should be charitable and forgiving, look upon the best side of things, and not suffer their enjoyment of the best possible of guide-books to be marred by this little *contretemps* of a puff of "the nephew." On the contrary, we hold it to be quite a humorous, as it is a wisdom-inspiring spectacle, to follow Sir Francis Head to the Hotel des Invalides, on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon; to perceive him, hat in hand, waiting the arrival of the President, who recognises him "with much apparent good will and kindness"—to read the subsequent invitation to the well known contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, to dine at the Elysée, actually to sit down with him at the dinner, watching the "mild, thoughtful, benevolent countenance" (not a ripple of the slaughter of the *coup d'état* discernible), going on presenting flattering views of the empirical pretensions; on another day to see Sir Francis mounted from the official stables for a grand review—and all this coming of an old hand, who has made humbug the study of his life, and who, in

\* A Faggot of French Sticks; or, Paris in 1851. By Sir Francis Head. Putnam.



the most agreeable idiom, can penetrate anybody's absurdity but his own.

For the rest, this is an admirable book of its class, thoroughly readable, an account of what anybody may see in Paris without difficulty, if they have Sir Francis Head's eyes; who, by way doubtless of a joke, tells us he was in Paris to visit an oculist!—and anybody may describe if they have that indescribable something in style, which is neither wit nor humor, but a shade of both, and which is a perpetual invitation to get on with his pleasant pages.

#### MR. W. G. DIX'S SKETCHES.

WE have before us the proof sheets of a forthcoming book of sketches, mostly of travel, but more reflective than descriptive, from the pen of Mr. W. G. Dix, of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Dix, our readers may remember as the writer of several papers in our columns in prose and verse. Not long since he returned from a residence in South America, where he held the advantageous position of Secretary to Mr. Van Allen's legation at Quito; and being a poet, "supped full" of the natural sublimities of the region. We may expect them to be shadowed forth in his promised volume. Of one thing we may be certain, that what he does tell us will be in no mere book-making pen-eract, but will be a reproduction of scenes colored by his own mind. This is an order of intellect, quiet, retired, meditative, which needs some protection in the rude jostle of the publisher's counter. It gives us pleasure therefore to call special attention to these essays. The one which we have received is entitled "The Deck of the Crescent City." It opens with a poetical account of the golden news spreading wide over the country, which draws to the deck the motley crew of the steamer. Young America thus suggests its contrasts and resemblances to Young England, with mediæval affectations, and this again leads to the absorbing claims of the outer life of the day as compared with the stifled necessities of the soul. The desultory manner of the writer then drops into some nervous poetry, descriptive of the great English poets and their influences. To show the stamp of this writing, and how far removed it is from ordinary productions, we present a few passages, remarking, that while the author proves his power of rising in the sustained flight of a long sentence, the style is sometimes inconveniently crowded and over poetical for the chastest prose. We would refer to Dryden's prose for the most charming infusion of the poetical into the prose style.

This picture is fairly wrought:—

#### THE MIDDLE AGES IN AMERICA.

During the Middle Ages, the only monastic recluses in America were the vast forests, which, clad in emerald vestments, an order of their own, or in brown, or pearly white, bowed their suppliant heads in unison, and sighed their prayers upon the whispering winds; while the sun, the abbot of the order, paid his matinal and vespereal homage, kneeling at daily consecrated altars, flaming with every kind of precious radiance, in the eastern and western chancels of the abbey of the blue horizon, and devoutly proffered, through the duteous hours, his service of refugence; the choristers that chanted the breviary of gladness, with no days of sorrow interspersed, were the fathers of mighty tides, the waterfalls radiant with mist; the

lakes, seas, oceans, striking the keys of instrumental shores, and the birds, warbling in the seclusions of their oaken screens; the only illuminated missals were the leaves of autumn, signals of the years that, crowned with glories, die patiently by frosty pain, that other years may spring to life; the only rosaries were the changes which the faithful seasons told in the vigils of their journeys; the only adoring incense was the fragrance flung from floral censers, waving with voluntary motion in the air; the only consecrated bells that summoned nature's agencies to worship were hung high in towers of dark, shadowy clouds, and their great tongues of awful sound were made to beat by chains of fire; the only pilgrimages were made by crowds of rejoicing winged life, from regions invaded by winter to shrines of constant summer; the only wars and tournaments were those of scattered savage tribes, for every residence of earthly beauty that man once sees he is sure to mark with blood.

#### YOUNG AMERICA'S VIEW OF THE MEDIÆVAL.

Young America seldom glances to those ages, called dark by many, chiefly because neither the streets of the cities, the aisles and altars of the churches were lighted by inflammatory gas, nor private houses in the same way, or by explosive fluids, occasionally fatal to people who desire the lightest light the lightest age can give; and because the meditative men, who lived by breathing the oppressive air, supposed to have overspread the world then like a huge black mantle, through which the stars looked like eyes of tigers seen through the grim tempest of a tropic night,—because these men, not being all their days intent on means to render this life excessively convenient, sometimes made fantastic flights of logic, to define the feats of sprightly angels, it passing notice that these vagaries occurred in the course of contemplation on sublimer matters than concern "this punctual spot," and that thoughtful men, even now, might divine the antics of equally volatile and gymnastic spirits; as, for instance, how small a force of that much adored archangel, steam, would send five hundred human beings into the air, to a height of eighty feet nine inches, allowing but one twentieth of the number to come down alive; or how many of those singing seraphim revolvers, patented by fatherly governments desiring to please their playful children, would shoot every tenth man in the street; or how many of those flashing cherubs, bowie-knives, would decimate the rest of the citizens with their sharp wings, the recipients of the angelic goodness to be speedily borne home to gentle wives and prattling children.

#### A PROTEST.

If it be of little moment whether or not men be on the way towards Heaven, if they can but cross the ocean in a week; if Art must yield her provinces to the sharp, colored outlines of Geology, resembling rainbows exploded usefully into heaps of disorderly and awkward angles; if the affluence of Eternity can suggest no Epic or Dramatic cadences, because men have no time to be inspired by other muses than can sing statistics, or descriptions so exquisite that it shall be harder to see the picture of the mazy verses than to follow the shyest differential sign through starry labyrinths of space; if it is to be a traveller's chief object here to know the cost, color, and dimensions of a flaming steamer, plying up and down the

Mississippi, glorious for wrecks, until her turn shall come to explode magnificently, or to die breathing fire, to begin again and continue longer,—or to estimate the exact quantity of water pouring over Niagara in a minute, and to apply a measuring-line to the most striking points of view; or if people are to travel in the old hemisphere in the sunlight and shadow of nature and of history, using their perception only, unmindful that the chief use of the voices and of the visible splendors of the globe is to widen and deepen reflection, to refine the imagination, and to fasten the tendrils of the soul more closely to the Throne above; if the surveyor of the line of a projected railroad is to be the highest reach of man; if Heaven itself is to be set forth as a noisy Paradise, where sublimated ship-builders and engineers contrive and effect their plans to the minstrelsy of chanting saws and warbling locomotives; if classical times, or any ages of mental splendor, are to be laughed at, because no iron tracks were then spread over the earth, the veins of a more easy than exalted life, or vessels, shaped like winged wedges, to cut the surface of the ocean swiftly, or to sink, if they must, gently and conveniently; if victorious yachts are to enjoy ovations, and toiling scholars to be denounced as idlers; if that is to be emblazoned as the holiest miracle of time, which subjected plebeian, dingy coals to such inspiring heat that they were just ready to turn, shrieking with the fiery pain, to white, angelic diamonds; if it is to be the fortieth article of faith, that the House of Glass, though taken down, will be put together again, and be transported visibly by seraphic battalions, clad, for compliment's sake, in the attire of all nations, to the fairest island of the blest, to amaze for ever the illuminated saints, who consider ornamental furniture superior to intellectual grace or spiritual beauty; if every flower of the spirit is to be withered by the deadly day of energy intent on lifeless things;—then welcome again the lunar splendor, moving orbs, and golden suns of night.

And the same idea in verse:—

#### NATURE FOR MAN.

May the time past suffice for deeming man  
The mere appurtenance to nature's plan,  
When, without him, Creation's wide domain  
Is but a waste of beauty spread in vain.  
To be the fixture of this large estate  
Answers not man's divinely ordered fate:  
When earth began, he was its viceroy made,  
And so shall be, until the earth shall fade:  
For man were lifted these high azure walls;  
For man were garnished these mosaic halls;  
For man melodious voices here are heard;  
For man sprang order at the Maker's word.  
Not in the dusky distance meant to stand,  
Man claims the foreground from the painter's  
hand,  
Not Nature's menial, but her titled guest,  
With fadeless orders glancing on his breast.  
'T is not the time to adore the varied gleams  
Of lakes and mounts, of stars and tidal streams,  
When living souls of living men repine  
For the quick, living touch of fire divine;  
Or life derived, an idol, to revere,  
When that life's spring, the living God, is near.  
The subtle law of space, where'er it flows,  
Claims not to be the Sovereignty, but shows  
Itself the mirrored force, the shade to be,  
The ethereal minister of Deity.  
Hence not for homage has erected been  
This vast cathedral, but to worship in;  
The rays which o'er its domes and altars gleam  
Are symbols, not the soul, of Power Supreme.

A REVIEW OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM," FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

# THE POETRY OF SORROW.

Concluded.

ANOTHER fault is not peculiar to *In Memoriam*; it runs through all Mr. Tennyson's poetry,—we allude to his *obscurity*. We are prepared to admit that certain kinds of writing are especially exposed to this accusation, and from causes beyond the oversight of the author. The emotions of the heart and of the fancy have their own dialect. This is always hard to be understood,—is frequently altogether unintelligible by ruder minds. The muses' court cherishes particular idioms. Johnson's regard for Collins—and he seems to have been deeply attached to him—supplied no key to the gorgeous verse. The *Fairy Queen* was honestly despised by Burleigh; Milton appeared every inch an usher, with no wand but a birch, to the Caroline wits; Thomson's pictures were positive daubs to the Gothic gentleman in a primrose suit at Strawberry-hill. There was no pretence in the dulness; eye and ear for color and music were closed. It was the infirmity of their constitution. "We have heard an excellent discourse this morning, Dr. Johnson," said a pompous stranger to our stout friend, coming out of Lichfield Cathedral. "That may be, Sir," was the chilling reply, "but it is impossible that you should know it." The sarcasm will often be true in poetical history. Walpole reading *Milton* is the Lichfield story over again. There is a grace, a delicacy, a fragrance, and a light of sentiment and image which are altogether dark to the crowd. We will offer two examples. Cowper, in one of his letters, exclaims in a burst of rural tenderness—"My eyes drink the rivers as they flow!" and Blanco White furnishes a more charming illustration in a remark upon a woman carrying primroses by his window—"They were primroses—new primroses—so blooming, so fresh, and so tender, that it might be said that their perfume was received by the eye!" The thought of both writers is nearly the same—exquisite and full of the deepest love; but how would it appear to a reader in whom the poetical element was wanting? Like cuneiform writing or a roll from Pompeii.

Again, a magnificent thought is likely to be obscure to the first glance; a mist hangs round it and shows its elevation. As in passages of emotional tenderness and taste there is a reflective light to be thrown from the reader's experience of corresponding sensations, so in images of sublimity a large perspective requires filling up. Perhaps the poetry of the world contains no grander description than Milton's of the advancing God—

Far off his coming shone.

But the picture loses its splendor unless we people the vast field of time that lies between with legions of heavenly warriors, and light the cloudy edge of distant centuries with the blaze of Cherubim and the chariots of the Eternal. In such cases the obscurity melts before the observer. We will call Mr. Tennyson himself in support of our argument:—

That which we dare invoke to bless:  
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;  
He, They, One, All; within, without;  
The Power in darkness whom we guess;  
I found him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
Nor through the questions men may try  
The pretty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,  
I heard a voice—"Believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:  
But that blind clamor made me wise;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again  
What is, and no man understands;  
And out of Darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature moulding men.—cxix.

To that most literal gentleman whom Elia pleasantly ridiculed these verses would be simply so many inscriptions in an unknown tongue; but to the poetical eye their obscurity is the result of the illimitable expanse of mystery over which the poet sweeps. The very dimness helps to impress his mind with immensity.

The following invocation to the departed friend would claim the benefit of the exception:—

Come not in watches of the night,  
But when the sunbeam broodeth warm,  
Come, beguiling in thine after form,  
And like a finer light on light.

Perhaps we might even include in this class the contrast in the 24th elegy between the happiness and sorrow of former and present days, where the poet inquires whether it is that the haze of grief magnifies joy—

Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far;  
And orb into the perfect star,  
We saw not when we moved therein?

For there is something striking and suggestive in comparing the goneby time to some luminous body rising like a red harvest moon behind us, lighting our path homeward.

Now, for all such cases of obscurity a very liberal allowance is to be made. The highest beauty does not always lie upon the surface of words. In whatever degree the difficulty of Mr. Tennyson's verse is to be explained by its depth the writer should be acquitted. But in a large number of passages the plea cannot be received. He is difficult not from excess, but want of meaning. Take a specimen:—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee,  
Or see (in him is no before)  
In more of life true love no more,  
And Love the indifference to be;  
So might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the keys,  
To cloak me from my proper scorn.—xxvi.

We ask seriously if that celebrated collector and critic Mr. M. Scriblerus would not have bought up this stanza at any price? Unquestionably it is worth its weight in lead for a treatise on Bathos. Lately we have heard much of keys both from the Flaminian Gate and Piccadilly, but we back this verse against Hobbs. We dare him to pick it. Mr. Moxon may hang it up in his window, with a £200 prize attached, more safely than a Bramah. That a shadow should hold keys at all, is a noticeable circumstance; but that it should wait with a cloak ready to be thrown over a gentleman in difficulties, is absolutely amazing. There is an allusion, at p. 69, which soars to the same height above our comprehension:—

That each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall,  
Reverting in the general Soul.

Of the two mysteries, the Shadow with the

cloak is probably the easier. We request the reader, who may be of an analytical turn, to try the above stanza for himself. Let him resolve it into prose. We have applied every known test, without detecting the smallest trace of sense, and are confident that the "blind clerk" at the General Post-office would abandon the effort when he came to fusing the skirts of self.

There is a fainter kind of obscurity which ought, so far as possible, to be cleared away. In this sort, also, Mr. Tennyson makes considerable demands upon our patience. Even a refined and educated reader is often puzzled to identify his exact allusion. This uncertainty is always injurious to poetic scenery. When Mason was writing *Caractacus* he was cautioned by his most accomplished friend to make every allusion so plain that it might immediately be understood; because, he said, we are not allowed to hint at things in general or particular history as in the Greek fables, which everybody is supposed to know. This stanza of Mr. Tennyson will show our meaning:—

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
In azure orbits heavenly wise;  
And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo.

We shall not say if we comprehend the closing line. We can keep a secret. But we put it to the last young lady for whom Hayday bound the *Princess* in pink morocco to answer whether the *Bar of Michael Angelo* raises a distinct image to her mind, so distinct that, in her next lesson from Gavazzi, she will be able to put the passage into good Tuscan for the Father?

We may here observe that Mr. Tennyson frequently allows his amplitude of colored and stately phrases to seduce him into line after line of grand sounding dactyls and spondee, out of which it is extremely hard to draw any message of wisdom or utterance of common sense. We string together three passages that might be mistaken for lumps of Statius or Nat Lee in their most turgid or twilight mood. Just listen how they tumble along with a heavy, splashing, and bewildering roll:—

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarmed of pride,  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his treble tongue.—cxviii.

For every grain of sand that runs,  
And every span of shade that steals,  
And every hiss of toothed wheels,  
And all the courses of the suns.—cxv.

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd  
In vassal tides that followed thought.—cx.

What is the meaning of the serpent with the tongue that flickers? and how can a fluctuation be sway'd into a "vassal tide?"

A frequent source of mist and doubtfulness in language is a habit, either wilful or indifferent, of grammatical inaccuracy. Mr. Tennyson is quite autocratic in his government of words. Substantives are flung upon the world without the slightest provision for their maintenance; active and passive verbs exchange duties with astonishing ease and boldness, and particles are disbanded by a summary process unknown to Lindley Murray or Dr. Latham. Look at these instances out of many:—

I brim with sorrow drowning song.—xix.  
Each voice four changes on the wind.—xxviii.  
Thine own shall wither in the vast.—lxxiv.  
A happy lover, who has come  
To look on her that loves him well;  
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,  
And learns her gone, and far from home.—viii.



Here it is evident that "lights" and "learns" are used with extreme incorrectness. The construction requires us to suppose that the lover arrives in a dark evening with a lantern, and gropes about the brick wall until he finds the bell. Just look at the circumstance as Jones might relate it to a young lady in the suburbs—"I got into the Kennington omnibus yesterday, and in the hope of finding you at home I light and ring the bell, and learn you gone." Would such an epistle be understandable? If the object of his devotion be a girl of spirit, she will instantly cut off six heads, and send Jones a copy of Mr. Edwards's *Progressive English Exercises* by the next post. Will the Germanic and cloud-compelling school permit us to recommend to their patient meditation a short saying of Hobbes, which need not be confined to Mr. Tennyson's ear?—"The order of words, when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may foresee the length of his period; as a torch in the night showeth a man the stops and unevenness of the way."

We turn with very sincere pleasure to notice some of the finer and purer qualities of this book and its author. We wish Mr. Tennyson to number us with his friends. First among his gifts we should place his mastery of diction. Words many, and of the finest dyes, from Greece and Italy, are heaped in his treasury. Whatever be the wants of his muse, her wardrobe is rich in every article of dress, laid up in myrrh and ivory. A single expression often shoots a sunbeam into a line and kindles a page. This quality establishes his claim to the title of a true poet. It stamps every honored name of song and distinguishes it from the usurper's. It is like the hasty touch of Rembrandt, that struck his mind's life into canvas. The "shadowy gust" with which Thomson swept his corn-field was as much beyond the ablest versifier as the building of Pandemonium. We judge a genius by a word, as we might try a new mintage by the shape and the ring of its smallest coin. With these happinesses of expression the present *Elegies* are plentifully sprinkled. We gather several, beginning with an evening cloud-scene:—

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a laboring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.—xv.

And on the low dark verge of life,  
The twilight of eternal day.—xlix.

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God.—liv.

The chestnut pattering to the ground.—xi.

With blasts that blow the poplar white.—lxx.

The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears.—lxxvii.

When summer's hourly mellowing change  
May breathe with many roses sweet  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
That ripple round the lonely grange.—lxxxix.

And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves.—xcvii.

Unwatched the garden bough shall away,  
The tender blossom flatter down,  
Unloved that beech will gather brown,  
This maple burn itself away.—xcix.

Sometimes Mr. Tennyson is apt to exceed the poetical liberty of reviving ancient manners of speech. Old words are old gold. Dryden; in particular, understood

this way of setting his jewels. Its recommendations are strong. A phrase or epithet of early times brings its age with it. A pure Chaucerism is like a fresh nosegay flung suddenly on the table; but the beauty of the word should be decided. It must have something of the past centuries more winning than their wrinkles. In Mr. Tennyson's revivals this preciousness is not seldom absent. Take two instances,—

A thousand wants  
Gnarr at the heels of men.—p. 157.

And burgeons every maze of quick.—p. 178.

We know that both of these words are used by Spenser—the former in the sense of snarling or barking, the latter of springing forth or budding—but they have no merit whatever of their own; Spenser's pen does not consecrate them.

It is not necessary to commend the almost unbroken music of Mr. Tennyson's rhythm—nobody denies his ear. You are sure of a sweet sound, though nothing be in it. We will add that he is extremely successful in the endings of the short poems into which the memorial is broken. This is a merit of much importance. When Mason sent his elegy written in a garden to Gray, he objected to the last line as being flat and prosaic, whereas that above every other, he told him, ought to sparkle, or, at least, to shine. Accordingly, Gray exhorted him to twirl the sentiment into an apophthegm, to stick a flower in it, to gild it with a costly expression, and to make it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart. Mr. Tennyson has, however unconsciously, followed the advice. Nor among his word-excellences should we forget the pleasing effect of his word-repetitions—an art which poets of all countries and times have been fond of practising. Ovid's description of Apollo's chariot is a musical example, with its golden axle, its golden beam, and the outward rim of the wheels in gold; where the sound of the *aureus* is like a mellow note continually returning in the strain.

In conclusion, we offer only one observation by way of moral. Small as this book is, it may be abridged with profit. The kindest gift to a poet is a division of "2." We would not exclude the greatest names from a share in the privilege. What fierce grinning distortions of Dante might be driven out of Purgatory! What succulent episodes of Spenser or Camoens be lopped off? What dry shreds of Milton be tossed into a Baptist magazine? How the noble features of Dryden's genius would shine out if all his trade verses had been treated like Tonson's trade guineas, and clipped! Wordsworth's *Excursion* would pleasantly shorten into a summer walk, and Southey's 10 volumes re-appear with infinite vivacity in a moderate 18mo. Whatever be the expansion of ancient song, compression is indispensable to a modern versifier. The circulation of his blood is too languid for a large body, and scarcely reaches the extremities. His chances of fame in the future may be calculated by the thickness of his volume. Posterity will only preserve the choicer metal. Epic urns, with their glitter and baseness, will be broken up, while the ode and sonnet give forth their little gleams; and he will be the happy rhymers in the coming century, whose grain of gold, disengaged of its impurities, and not swollen out with alloy, has melted quite pure into a locket.

*The Lives of the Governors of the State of New York.* By John S. Jenkins. Auburn: Derby & Miller.—This is one of a series of patriotic volumes, which range from the *Lives and Speeches of the Presidents* to the local State and County histories, with notices of each distinguished townsman and "village Hampden," and which are circulated widely through the country. It is written in a flowing narrative style, without party bias, and, allowing a certain amount of rhetorical display, and what Governor Seward says of his own memoir in the volume, "the amiable fault of generosity towards the subjects," it is well calculated to diffuse much useful and interesting information.

We all want to know what manner of men our rulers have been, and we justly take pride in tracing their family history, and the steps of their advancement to the important post. The biography of the Governors of New York since the adoption of the State Constitution is the history of the country, not merely in embracing New York, but while it includes the distinguished succession of George Clinton, John Jay, Morgan Lewis, Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Joseph C. Yates, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, Marcy, Seward, Bouck, Wright, Young, and Fish, to the present incumbent. Mr. Jenkins is the author of several popular manuals of American history. The present work is of goodly size and print, and what is to the point, has an unbroken series of characteristic portraits. H. Perry, 13 Park Row, is the exclusive agent for this publication in this city.

*Die Heimfahrt des Odysseus*—The Return of Ulysses; with a Short Grammar and a Vocabulary. By Paul Hirsch. London: 1851.—The kernel of this neat little book consists of the *Odyssey* thrown into the form of a tale by Dr. Ernst Kapp, and designed for young readers. The simple elegance with which this is executed reminds us of the *Shakespeare Tales* of Charles and Mary Lamb, and makes it admirably fitted to form the first book for students of the German language. It is embellished with twenty-four woodcuts full of classic spirit. Mr. Hirsch has prefixed to it an outline German Grammar in 60 pages, which contains as much information as can well be compressed into so small a space; and he has added a Vocabulary at the end. The beginner however would find these helps insufficient without a good instructor or other assistance. In our opinion the work would be greatly improved, especially for the use of those who have to rely chiefly on their own exertions in learning the language, by adding a literal interlinear version to several of the first chapters, with explanatory notes throughout on difficult points of grammar and idiom, in the style of the Greek, Latin, and other text-books which we have seen published for the London University. Mr. Hirsch's Grammar is also issued separately.

*Lectures on Political Atheism and Kindred Subjects; together with Six Lectures on Intemperance.* Dedicated to the Working Men of the United States. By Lyman Beecher, D.D. Boston: Jewett & Co.—This is the first volume of a collection of Dr. Beecher's works—of which he tells us in the preface that "I am the more desirous of publishing my doctrinal expositions of the Bible, inasmuch as they have generally obviated the more common misapprehensions and misrepresentations which often attend the exposition of the Calvinistic system;" and after glancing over the labors of fifty years, he remarks—"I do therefore exult and give thanks to God, that instead of the Gospel having made the experiment of reforming the world and failed, and leaving the task to a godless, licentious philosophy, the retrospect will show that my labors, with those of the evangelical pastors and churches of my day, have not been in vain in the Lord, but have successfully advanced, and will, with accumulating progress

and shock of battle, terminate in the glorious victories of the latter day."

**Examples of Life and Death.** By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Scribner.—An excellent little volume of the picked lessons of biography, with the well chosen examples of Monica (the mother of St. Augustine), the pious Bede, devotional Thomas à Kempis, Protestant Philip de Mornay, Raleigh, Bacon, Bishop Andrews to William Penn. Models of female piety are not forgotten in, besides Monica, several noble ladies, the Countess of Suffolk, the Countess of Warwick, and the wife of the Greenland Missionary, Mrs. Ann Egde.

**My Saviour, and Peace in Believing,** are the titles of two little volumes of a devotional character, by the Rev. John East of Crocombe, Eng., which have passed through numerous American editions. They are issued by Jewett & Co., Boston.

Messrs. PRATT, WOODFORD & Co. have just published an enlarged work of *High School Arithmetic*, by James B. Dodd, a volume called for by the success of a briefer treatise by the author, not long since. The present scheme is full and exact, and of a practical character in the explanations and exercises. The same publishers also issue a *Treatise on Practical Book-Keeping*, by Joseph H. Palmer, of the Free Academy, which brings this heretofore recondite art into the sphere of ordinary instruction.

We have from Dewitt & Davenport a treatise on *Sign Lettering*, by John J. Reid; a collection of *Elementary Sketches in Drawing*, by F. N. Otis; and an entertaining card game, *The Wide World*, by a lady, from the Appletons. The latest issues of John Tallis & Co.'s publications are, Parts 33 and 34 of *Martin's British Colonies*, containing the account of New Zealand, Parts 11 and 12 of the *Dramatic Magazine*, well filled with portraits and accounts of the actors, Webster, Madame Celeste, O. Smith, Laura Addison, Charles Kean, the late Edmund Kean, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Hudson, all in character and "situation." This publication commends itself to every one curious in the affairs of the Drama. We have also from Messrs. T. & Co. Nos. 35 and 36 of *Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call*.

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

A WRITER in the *Evening Post* offers the following suggestions as to the cause of the number of INDIFFERENT BOOKS which are offered for sale to the community:

"It has seemed unaccountable to those who are not acquainted with the mysteries of the publishing business, how it happens that, while the booksellers are so ready to decline the manuscripts of what they call bad books, that is, books which people will not read, and of course will not buy, there are yet so many indifferent books published. The reasons are several. One is, that books written by authors who have already obtained a reputation, are pretty sure to be accepted by publishers, and everybody knows that an author of note may sometimes write a wretched book. Another reason is, that booksellers sometimes publish for their friends and acquaintances, and a good friend may be an indifferent author. A third reason is, that booksellers are sometimes betrayed into publishing a wretched book by something engaging in the manner or persuasive in the conversation of the author. The best writers are generally the least prepossessing in their manners; but the bookseller does not always think of this.

"I have heard of a very shrewd bookseller, who used to make it a rule never to see the person whose manuscript was sent him for publication. Again: a bookseller sometimes takes a whim into his head—for this class have their whims like other men—that a book of a particular kind is wanted by the public, and after putting himself to great pains and expense in

getting it up, finds, to his chagrin, that nobody asks for it. When we add that publishers sometimes hand the manuscripts sent to them for publication, to incompetent judges, for their opinion, and that often a bad book on a subject of general interest finds a ready sale, because no good one on the same subject has been written, and that, in certain departments of literature, the taste of the day often creates a demand for bad books, I think I have collected reasons amply sufficient to account for the great proportion of this class of publications which are given to the world."

Thus it is to be seen that there are a great many causes for this growing evil in the world: besides simply want of brains in writers. For every grain of fine wheat in the field of authorship there appears to be a whole harvest of weeds and tares. In old times critics went about with grubbing-tools and reaping-hooks, slashing away and clearing out the genuine crop, sometimes in their zeal destroying it. Now the expectant treatment is generally adopted in the literary world as the best cure for dulness. Let it alone and it will speedily sink out of sight to the bottom by its own specific gravity. Critics have risen in the world, keep better company than they used to do in the days of Grub street, ignore fools, and only shake hands with wits and poets. In this they have somewhat deserted the cause of truth, which occasionally requires a little of the old dashing championship against the inroads of arrogance and pretension. But there is left one last court of appeal which generally brings ignorance and flatulency to its bearings—in which the mighty magician Puff is quite powerless and speechless. It is the arbitrament of the publisher's ledger, which, though not always infallible in its judgments, is for the time-being the law of the land, and upon the whole is the best critic going. What is it possible a critic can say, with his finest-edged thoughts, which will have half the effect upon the publisher's brains of the heavy doleful thump of a deficit for the profit and loss account? Why bore the public with an account of Flipper's bad verses, arouse the powers of this sleeping mosquito, and afford him the apology for venting his complaints upon a maddened circle of relatives, when the next balancing day will nail his book, like a bad shilling, to the counter? Be satisfied with his having aided the consumption of rags, offered his humble contribution to the paper-making interest, been as profitable to the printer as an equal number of tokens of Shakespeare or Walter Scott, filled an advertisement at the same number of cents per line as the most lively of his contemporaries, and, what the latter never do, before retiring to his native pulp in the paper vats again, ministering to the necessities of grocers and dry-goods. How many a poet has gained that access to the fair, as a dragging envelope to a pair of gloves, who has been again and again denied the presence, clothed at Evans's in all the splendor of morocco and gilding! How many a versifier has to be content with lighting the taper of a beauty, who started with the intention of inflaming her heart; or bent upon an appeal to her understanding, has got no nearer her brain than a curl paper on her head!

To the brilliant passages of Kossuth's SPEECHES, which have attracted the curiosity of the most intelligent critics, a clever writer in the *Whig Review* comparing him ingeniously with Pericles and Chatham, and one of the ablest scholars of our country, from a

distance, in a letter before us, asking an account "of the screws and wheels in the machinery of Kossuth's eloquence"—to these apostrophes and illustrations is certainly to be added the opening of the oration to the members of Congress at Washington—the comparison of the American with the old Roman capital:—"As once Cineas, the Epirote, stood among the Senators of Rome, who, with an earnest word of self-conscious majesty, controlled the condition of the world and arrested the mighty kings in their ambitious march, thus full of admiration and of reverence, I stand before you, Legislators of the new capitol—that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it and come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands a mournful monument of the fragility of human things—yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights. The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night—yours beams with freedom's bright ray. The old absorbed the world by its own centralized glory—yours protects your own nation against absorption, even by itself. The old was awful with unrestricted power—yours is glorious with having restricted it. At the view of the old, nations trembled—at the view of yours, humanity hopes. To the old, misfortune was only introduced with fettered hands to kneel at the triumphant conqueror's heels—to yours, the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, invited to the honor of a seat; and where kings and Caesars never will be hailed, for their powers, might, and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed as your great Republic's guest, precisely because he is persecuted, helpless, and poor. In the old, the terrible *ex victis* was the rule—in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause. And while out of the old, a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common confederate interests of a territory larger than the conquered world of the old. There sat men boasting their will to be the sovereigns of the world; here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, and to do that their sovereign, the people, wills. Sir, there is history in these parallels. History of past ages, and history of future centuries may be often recorded in few words. The small particulars to which the passions of living men cling with fervent zeal—as if the fragile fingers of men could arrest the rotation of destiny's wheel; these particulars die away. It is the issue which makes history, and that issue is always logical. There is a necessity of consequences wherever the necessity of position exists. Principles are the Alpha; they must finish with Omega, and they will. Thus history may be told often in few words. Before yet the heroic struggle of Greece first engaged your country's sympathy for the fate of freedom in Europe, then so far distant and now so near, Chateaubriand happened to be in Athens, and he heard from a minaret raised upon the Propylæan ruins, a Turkish priest, in Arabic language, announcing the lapse of hours to the Christians of Minerva's town. What immense history in the small fact of a Turkish Imaum crying out, 'Pray, man, the hour is running fast, and the judgment draws near.'"

For the screws and wheels, the motive



power is a true nobility of character which finds vent in an elevated way of thinking. One of the screws is undoubtedly legal, and another editorial skill in the statement of a question, and editorial tact in seizing upon material; advantages which he owes to experience. A third is the tendency to elevated expression which a man has on just learning a new language. He sees, as it were, the mountain tops of the language, and runs first in that direction. It is a common remark about a novice in a language that he talks like a book. The very ignorance of a great deal concentrates the attention the more on the important points. And we should not forget, in this estimate, the fresh perceptions still to be kindled by a knowledge of the classic literature to which Kossuth continually recurs.

Mr. WEBSTER has spoken on the Hungarian question at the congressional dinner to Kossuth, and reiterated the safe and sound historical position, that Hungary is fairly entitled to her own national organization, and that the interference of Austria with this independent condition is injurious to the interests of both countries—that true policy and fair play, in fact, go together. Though it needed no ghost to tell us that, the statement is something in the present state of Europe; and Mr. Webster, perhaps strongly for his foreign audience, remarked of Austria: "And I have now to add what I am sure will not sound well upon the upper Danube; and that is, that, in my humble judgment, the imposition of a foreign yoke upon a people capable of self-government, while it oppresses and depresses that people, adds nothing to the strength of those who impose that yoke. In my opinion, Austria would be a better and a stronger government to-morrow, if she confined the limits of her power to her hereditary and German dominions."

Shakespeare, always good at need, furnished Mr. Webster a point: "You know, gentlemen, that in 'Measure for Measure,' Shakespeare, speaking of the Duke of Vienna, says, 'If the duke, with other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.' 'Heaven grant us peace,' says another character; 'thou concludest,' says the first speaker, 'like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table—thou shalt not steal! Aye, that he razed!' 'Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; there is not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgivings before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.' Now, I am afraid that, like the Duke of Austria in former times, the Emperor of Austria in our time, doth not relish the petition for peace, unless it be founded on the utter extermination of the nationality of Hungary."

One MOR has come out of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon which is destined to live as a specimen of a perfect witticism, embracing a most comprehensive and prophetic truth. We find it incorporated in a leading article of the London *Times*. "On peut tout faire avec des baïonnettes," says Prince Schwarzenburg to the French Minister at Vienna, "excepté de s'asseoir dessus." The nephew, on his cushion of bayonets, is an impossibility for the permanence of the physical or governmental man, which would afford a good subject for the caricaturist of *Punch*. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR consoles his

disappointment under the Louis Napoleon infliction by recurring to the old Greek fountain of song and the ever-enduring truth of true poetry, which remains truth spite of the tyranny of rulers or the folly of the people. He has written thus—

## FABLE.

TO BE LEARNED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

There was a diver once, whose boast  
Was that he brought up treasures lost,  
However deep beneath the sea,  
Of glossy-haired Parthenope.  
To try him, people oft threw in  
A silver cup, or gold zeechin.  
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"  
And you might see the metal shine  
Between his lips or on his head,  
While lazy Tethys lay abed,  
And not a nereid round her heard.  
The green-pearl spangled curtain stirred.  
One day a tempting fiend threw down—  
Where whirled the waves—a tinsel crown,  
And said—

"Oh, diver! you who dive  
Better than any man alive,  
And see where other folks are blind,  
And what all others miss can find—  
You saw the glorious crown I threw  
Into the whirlpool—now, can you  
Recover it? Thus won you may  
Wear it—not once—but every day—  
So may your sons."

Down, down he sprang—  
A hundred nereids heard the clang,  
And closed him round and held him fast—  
The diver there had dived his last!

The French Editors, cut off from politics, are growing moral and profound. Imagine what time our Editors would have for wisdom, and how philosophic they would become were the word politics, as a distinguished Hungarian would say, suddenly blotted out from their dictionaries. A correspondent sends us two irrefutable *penées* from the Parisian *Corsaire*:—"Every day of man's life is a sheet of white paper, on which he may write what he pleases, but from which he can erase nothing afterwards. Happy he who, at the end of his days, can reperuse the same without finding in it his own condemnation." "People complain that the votaries of genius and learning are not *practical men*. It is like complaining of the stars of the firmament that do not help to boil the tea-kettle."

The following pungent letter is a decided "non" among the "ouis" of recent Parisian conspiracy. It is from the pen of M. Alexandre Thomas, one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats* and of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was also Lecturer on History at the Lyceum or High School of Versailles, and sent the following letter to the Rector of that institution:

MONSIEUR LE RECTEUR: The events of which we have just been witnesses must disturb the honest minds even of those who occupy a very humble position in society. It is impossible for me longer to retain the chair I occupy as the Lyceum of Versailles. The teaching of history has no value when the professor does not employ it to arouse the minds of the youth, and to nourish their sense of right and justice. A professor of the State, in a time when the State reposes only on usurpation, falsehood, and violence, I am not well situated to speak in my instructions of right and justice. I beg you, therefore, M. le Recteur, to consider this letter as the official communication of my withdrawal, and as such to hand it over to the actual Minister, who has charge of Public Instruction. As I recognise in that person neither legality of

public nor honor of private character, I desire not to come into immediate contact with him. Receive &c., ALEXANDRE THOMAS, Dr. of Philosophy, Professor of History, Teacher, since 1841. Versailles, Dec. 12.

After sending the above, it is added, Mr. Thomas found it prudent to leave France.

A Report published in the papers, bearing the names of the United States Justiciaries for the territory of Utah, and addressed to the President, exhibits the Mormons of that region in a very peculiar light. They not only, it is said, refuse the officers of the General Government, but they take pains to do so in language composed of profanity, indecency, and slang—dealing about fish-market expletives and special localities of the inferno for distinguished individuals, with all the conviction of orthodoxy, and more than the temerity of Beecher. The charge would be ludicrous, were it not impious. But what can be expected of the compound of Mormonism, of ignorance, impudence, and spiritual fraud? Some sympathy has been excited for the Mormons by the story of their trials and perseverance in their journey to their City of the Salt Lake—which, it is to be hoped, they will not make their Dead Sea. The charge of Polygamy is again revived, and thus stated in the paper we refer to.

"We deem it our duty to state, in this official communication, that polygamy, or 'plurality of wives' is openly avowed and practised in the territory, under the sanction and in obedience to the direct commands of the church." So universal is this practice, that very few, if any, leading men in that community can be found who have not more than one wife each, which creates a monopoly, and which was peculiarly hard upon the officers sent to reside there. The prominent men in the church, whose example in all things it is the ambition of the more humble to imitate, have each many wives, some of them, we are credibly informed and believe, as many as twenty or thirty, and Brigham Young, the Governor, even a greater number. Only a few days before we left the territory, the Governor was seen riding through the streets of the city in an omnibus, with a large company of his wives, more than two thirds of whom had infants in their arms—a sure sign that the evil is increasing. It is not uncommon to find two or more sisters married to the same man; and in one instance, at least, a mother and her two daughters are among the wives of a leading member of the church. This practice, regarded and punished as a high and revolting crime in all civilized countries, would, of course, never be made a statutory offence by a Mormon Legislature; and if a crime at common law, the court would be powerless to correct the evil, with Mormon juries."

The Report has transpired before its official communication through Congress. The whole matter will become an early subject of investigation, when some light may be expected on this peculiar and unhappy development of a strange people, in their wonderful retreat.

The annual message of Mayor Kingsland recommends a new application to the Legislature to meet the exigencies of the necessary commission to carry into effect the proposed City Park on the East River—the proceeding of last year having been set aside in the Supreme Court. In the meantime, the danger of delay is fully exhibited in the extension of the Second Avenue on its way to Harlem, cutting up a portion of these very grounds. The action on the subject should be immediate. The northern part of the city is the gainer of a pleasant inclosure

contiguous to the High Bridge, which is to be purchased and laid out as an appendage to the Croton Water Works. The ridge of land on the banks of the river, traversed by the large water pipes to Harlem, offers, in summer, one of the most beautiful and widely-extended prospects of the many in the vicinity of the city.

The obituary of the week records the death of Professor MOSES STUART, at Andover, on the 4th instant, at the age of seventy-one. He was born at Wilton, in Connecticut, in 1780, and educated at Yale College, where he was for two years a tutor. He afterwards studied law, but left law for divinity, and was for four years pastor of a church at New Haven. In 1810 he was appointed Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and held the place till the year 1848, when the infirmities of age and ill health obliged him to resign it. He is awarded by a writer in the *Tribune* the praise of "a singularly ardent temperament, an activity ever seeking new spheres of exercise, in novel methods of exposition and original forms of illustration in the advocacy of the system to which he was pledged. He gave a new impulse to theological learning through his German studies, making it less metaphorical and more critical, removing it from the field of abstract speculation to that of Biblical philology. His personal qualities were of an original and striking character. Generous in disposition, not without harmless traits of vanity and occasional bursts of satire, a sturdy Puritan, a genuine and enthusiastic love of good learning inspired his efforts."

Our kinsman, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, Esq., has just returned from Europe, where he has been welcomed and acknowledged as a leading champion of Land Reform, was entertained at the London Tavern by the Law Amendment Society, on the 20th Dec., Mr. M. D. Hill, Q. C., in the chair, and addressed the society, and explained the operation of the new code in this country at length.

At the annual meeting of the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, on the 6th instant, the officers of last year were re-elected. A report was read in favor of Mr. Williams's general plan for an index of American newspapers, from the earliest times to the present day; a comprehensive undertaking, which it is proposed by some powerful species of compression to bring within the compass of two volumes 8vo. The plan, an important one, is to receive further attention from the society. The number of volumes added to the library in the year, by donations, is about 1000. The Librarian's report urges the publication of the Journals of the Legislative Council of this State from 1691 to 1775, now in manuscript in Albany, and of the Records of our City Councils from the early Dutch period to the beginning of the present century. A resolution was adopted to procure plans and estimates from architects, for the new proposed Historical Buildings. The plan contemplated is a fire-proof rectangular building, to contain a lecture-room and library hall, each sixty feet square; a basement to be let and an upper story, lighted from above, for artists' studies and an exhibition-room of paintings—from all of which a revenue may be derived for the library. The fund for this purpose on hand is some \$25,000, which it is necessary to increase according to the estimates called for. A site near Union Square is spoken of.

#### NEW RESEARCHES AT SARUM AND STONEHENGE.

BY E. G. QUIER.

A Paper communicated to the American Ethnological Society.

LONDON, Dec. 4, 1851.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Stonehenge and the monuments in its vicinity, including the ancient stronghold of "Old Sarum," near Salisbury, and that near Amesbury on the Avon, popularly called Vespasian's Camp. All of these remains antiquity are in Wiltshire, the original seat of the Belgæ in England—a county remarkable for the number, extent, and variety of its ancient monuments. Here are Belgic, British, and Roman remains, side by side, and not unfrequently running into each other, and so blended as hardly to be distinguished. Sir Richard C. Hoare, as you are aware, has devoted two large folios to their description and elucidation; and to his work I must refer you for anything like a full or connected account of them. Yet as incidentally if not directly illustrating some important points in connexion with our own monuments, and in order to correct some unaccountable errors in the published accounts of Stonehenge, I am sure you will not object to my going over some portion of the same well trodden fields.

Taking the cathedral-town of Salisbury as a point of departure, the first point of interest is "OLD SARUM" (celebrated in the annals of corrupt representation), situated about a mile and a half to the northward of the town. It is a considerable hill, scarped from its base, with a deep ditch extending around and a little below its brow. A part only of the earth is thrown inwards, to form the embankment or wall; the principal part was thrown outwards by the builders, so as to make the natural ascent still steeper—precisely as is the case with some of the defensive structures of our aborigines. There are two entrances, both of which are protected by rude lunettes, also as in the case of our ancient defences. The diameter of the enclosure thus formed—which is an irregular circle—is about fifteen hundred feet, or something less than one fourth of a mile. The crown or highest part of the hill, in the centre of the enclosure, is the citadel. It is elevated some thirty or forty feet above the general level of the area, and is defended in like manner by a deep ditch and low embankment. It is about five hundred feet in diameter. Extending inwards from the outer wall to the edge of the ditch enclosing the citadel, are three straight, transverse walls, dividing the area into as many parts, and thus obviously contributing to the general strength of the entire work. For, if the outer walls were forced at any given point, the assailant would find himself, after all, in possession of only one third of the work, and at the same time completely commanded from the citadel. Something like this is to be observed in some of our western works, particularly in that on the Little Miami river (*Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, Plate vii.), which, in the height of its embankments, etc., resembles "Old Sarum," although it is five or six times as large. The accompanying section is not drawn to a scale, but it will nevertheless serve to make my description intelligible.

"Old Sarum" is specially interesting, from the circumstance that it is the last of the old British fortresses which have been occupied within what may be properly called the historic period of England. Its

origin dates back in the unrecorded past. When and by whom built is unknown. It is first mentioned in history as the residence of Ergen, the daughter of Caractacus, whose husband was its ruler, when it bore the name of *Caer-Sarflög*, "Citadel of the Service-tree." By the early writers it is enumerated amongst the thirty towns occupied by the Belgæ, dispossessed by Vespasian. The Romans appreciated the importance of the position, and made it a military station, connecting it with others by roads, not less than six of which leading from it are still traceable. According to Antoninus, they called it *Sorbidunum*.

Subsequently, under the Saxons, it bore the name of *Searbyrig*, and ranked amongst the most considerable towns of the country. Here Cynric, in 552, having routed the Britons, established himself. It was endowed by Ina and Ethelburga, king and queen of the West Saxons, as a religious foundation, soon after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. It was afterwards the frequent residence of Egbert. In 872 Alfred, in his wars with the Danes, improved its defences, adding, it is said, the outer trench and palisades. Edgar made it a place of convocation in 960; and in 1003 it was occupied by Sweyn, king of Denmark. William the Conqueror convened here, in 1086, the prelates, nobles, sheriffs, knights, etc., of his new dominions to pay their homage, regulate the feudal law, and prepare the *Domesday Book*. Here also were subsequently held a number of national councils: one by William Rufus in 1096; another by Henry I. in 1116. The royal residence was soon after established near by, at Clarendon.

It flourished exceedingly during the reign of Henry I., who repaired its fortifications. Stephen, his successor, was captured here by the Empress Maud, whose adherents made it their headquarters. Nothing eventful occurred in its history afterwards until 1219, when, in consequence of its sterile soil, want of water, and bleak situation, the plan of abandoning it for a position in the adjacent sheltered and fertile valley on the banks of the Avon, where the town of Salisbury now stands, was carried into execution. Peter de Blois, a writer of the times, gave the reasons for this step in bad Latin, which has been rendered into tolerable English as follows:—

"Here water's scarce, but chalk in plenty lies;  
And those sweet notes which Philomel denies,  
The harsher music of the wind supplies."

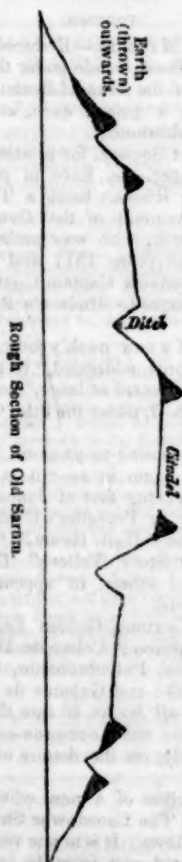
In modern times "Old Sarum" obtained notoriety as one of the worst of the rotten boroughs—returning two members to Parliament, although without an inhabitant. The little "Castle Inn," on the road near by, was the place where the Barmecidic election took place.

You will thus perceive that "Old Sarum" is rich in historic associations. I have mentioned the foregoing facts, however, for the purpose of showing that, under all ancient systems of warfare, even as carried on by the most civilized nations, defences of this kind—ditches, embankments, and palisades—were adequate to every purpose of protection; and to show also that considerable populations were concentrated in these works, and resided permanently in them. Their size affords us some idea of the numerical importance of the people who erected them, and some kind of a standard whereby to estimate the density of the aboriginal population of the Mississippi Valley, where works



of this description are not only more numerous than here, but of much greater dimensions. "Old Sarum," in respect of size, ranks with the fourth class of our western fortresses; yet it contained within its walls one of the most considerable towns of England as late as the thirteenth century. There is every reason to believe that this portion of Wiltshire was one of the most populous parts of the island; but if the above premises are right, the Scioto Valley in Ohio, for instance, must have been four times as populous.

"Old Sarum" was abandoned, as I have said, in 1219—six hundred and thirty years ago. It might be supposed, therefore, that the signs of dilapidation which it presents would afford us a very important guide in estimating the antiquity of our earth-works. They undoubtedly would do so, under parallel or similar circumstances; but the hill of "Old Sarum" is chalk, and in this the defenses are excavated. Time affects this material much less than ordinary soils; and the slopes of the embankments and ditches at "Old Sarum" for this reason are more abrupt, though on the whole not more regular, than in similar structures with us. As compared with these, it appears modern.



In examining "Old Sarum," I was struck with the absence of water, and any apparent source whence it might be obtained. I have since been informed that it had a well, which is now filled up. I am inclined to think, however, that a deep depression on the side of the work, opposite its principal entrance, answers to a feature common in our defensive structures, namely, a reservoir, in which the water supplied by the rains was collected.

From "Old Sarum" to Stonehenge the traveller passes over open downs, where the thin and light soil which overlies the sterile

chalk furnishes but a scant support to the flocks of the shepherds, and where man has only here and there a low and desolate habitation. The distance is about eight miles. Stonehenge stands near the eastern border of the undulating barrens, which, by some misnomer, are called plains. Long before reaching it, I found myself in the midst of irregular embankments and low mounds of earth. In shape, these are absolutely identical with those of the Mississippi Valley. Some are oblong, but most are simple cones. A large number are surrounded by slight embankments and shallow ditches, precisely as with us; and the small circles which, from their number, form so conspicuous a feature amongst the ancient remains of the Mississippi Valley, are here proportionally as numerous. But they differ radically in one respect. With us these circles have almost invariably an open space, a gateway or entrance, generally towards the east; while here, on the other hand, the circles are, I believe, uniformly unbroken. Here, too, it has been found that burials were made in them, in cists or excavations in their centres. In fact, they may be regarded in the same light as the encircled barrows; and it is probable that the latter were commenced in like manner, the mound or heap of earth being added last. Some of the mounds or barrows also present the appearance of having been truncated; but in every instance which fell under my observation this was the result of recent excavations, causing a depression of the earth at their summits. The same appearance is to be noticed in some of our sepulchral mounds; but it seems uniformly to have been produced by the sinking of the roofs of the inner chambers, as the materials composing them decayed. I think it may be assumed that this feature is a principal means of distinction between what I have denominated "temple mounds" in our country and those of sepulture. The famous large mound, called "Silbury Hill," near Abury in Wiltshire, and probably the largest in England, which more resembles our temple mounds or high places than any other, and which is truncated, and has traces of a graded ascent to its summit—this mound has recently been excavated by the members of the British Archaeological Institute, but found to contain no remains of any kind. There is a tradition that it was opened many years ago, and the investigation disclosed evidence of the fact; but it is not positively known that anything was found contained in it. It is not improbable, therefore, from these circumstances and the apparent dependence between it and the great serpentine structure at Abury, that it corresponded in purpose with our "high places," designated in Mexico as *Teocallis*. Such structures, however, are rare here; and the deficiency also constitutes another and important point of difference between the primitive monuments of these islands and America, when regarded as systems. For mounds of this class with us constantly accompany the other varieties of earth-works, and display indubitable evidence of having had a common origin with them.

The number of barrows upon Salisbury Plain, around Stonehenge, impresses the visitor more than their size. They appear more numerous than in what may be called the *mound-fields* of the West, from the circumstance that here there are no forests or other obstructions to the view. The eye,

therefore, takes in a considerable number in every direction. In size they are below the average of sepulchral mounds in the Mississippi Valley.

(To be continued.)

#### THE LATE BASIL MONTAGU.

THE LATE BASIL MONTAGU, Q. C., whose death at the advanced age of eighty-two is recorded to have occurred at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 27th November, was formerly a commissioner in bankruptcy, and was so eminent a practitioner in such matters that for many years he was regarded as an oracle of the bankrupt laws. So little had been heard of him of late years that many of his *quondam* friends labored under the impression that he had long ago discharged the debt of nature. It is not generally known that this distinguished lawyer was the fourth son of John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. The melancholy fate of this lady inspired the deepest public interest at the time, and the whole affair has been justly styled one of the most romantic and extraordinary love tales ever recorded—so much so, that it has often struck us with astonishment that in these novel-manufacturing and ready-reading days, none of the novelists who cater so strangely at times for the public taste have seized upon the ample materials the case affords as the groundwork for a book of lasting and intense interest. Miss Margaret Reay, the mother of the late Mr. Basil Montagu, was the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent-garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker in George's court, St. John's lane, Clerkenwell. Having during her apprenticeship attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection, and treated her from that period until her melancholy assassination with the greatest tenderness and affection, which was sincerely returned by Miss Reay until her introduction by his lordship to a young ensign of the 68th regiment, when in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighborhood of which stands Hinchbrook, the splendid mansion of the noble house of Montagu. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, from the first moment of his introduction, fell desperately in love with the mistress of his noble host, and his passion increased with his daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately engaging her affections, he quitted the army, and, taking holy orders, obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given some encouragement to his fiery passion, cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the earl, and prudential motives respecting the welfare of her children, induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the reverend gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits for their mutual interests and their peace of mind. Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have carefully perused the highly interesting correspondence between the parties, published many years ago

by Mr. Hubert Croft, in a volume entitled "Love and Madness," that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled, and, without meditating a crime which properly speaking could scarcely be fairly classed in the category of murder, there is no doubt that he became weary of his own life, and finally, though without distinct premeditation, determined that she whom he loved so passionately should share his fate.

At this time the Rev. Mr. Hackman was lodging in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, and on the fatal day, the 7th April, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading "Blair's Sermons;" but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed, and discovered that she alighted at Covent-garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of *Love in a Village*. Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and, arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre; and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her and killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt-end of the pistol, in order to destroy himself; but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothill-fields Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly after tried at the Old Bailey, before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the Commentaries, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law with all the firmness becoming a gentleman and a Christian, who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative, which redounds so highly to the honor of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair, must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich, with a noble-mindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman, after sentence of death was passed upon him—

"17th April, 1779.  
"If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure her life."

The prisoner replied the same day:—

"Condemned Cell in Newgate.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—oh, my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants."

It is almost needless to observe that the noble earl faithfully complied with the dying wishes of the wretched man, and was a good and generous father to all the children of this connexion, of whom the learned gentleman just deceased was one.—(*Lond. Morning Post*.)

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### AMERICAN.

Ur-town book buyers may obtain from Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, 669 Broadway, his new illustrated catalogue of books on sale by him. Besides all the Boston, Philadelphia, and various publications of the day, it embraces many grave and standard works, and includes as a speciality works published by Messrs. Carter & Brothers.

Hunt's Treatise on Photography, with additions by the American editor, has been reprinted by S. D. HUMPHREY, 297 Broadway.

Mr. A. HART, Philadelphia, announces as in press, *The School for Husbands—a Novel*, by Lady Bulwer Lytton, from early sheets received by last steamer.

Mr. M. W. DODD, of Nassau street, has in press "A Commentary on the Proverbs," by Prof. Moses Stuart. This is a new work, and the last which will be written by the distinguished author, whose death is noticed in another paragraph. The last proof sheets were received from Prof. Stuart only a few days before his death. Mr. Dodd has in preparation a new one by Dr. Gardiner Spring.

Mr. J. S. Redfield has in press—"The Men of the Time in 1852; or, Sketches of Living Notables." Authors, Architects, Artists, Composers, Conquerors, Capitalists, Demagogues, Dramatists, Engineers, Moralists, Kings, Ministers, Philanthropists, Politicians, Preachers, Travelers, &c., &c., make muscle enough for one book. Also in preparation, is Noble's Life of Cole, and Darley's Illustrations to Margaret, a Tale of the Ideal.

Bullions's Cicero: a High School Arithmetic, with application to Exchange and Life Insurance, by President Dodd; and Palmer's Common School and Practical Book-Keeping, are all now published by Messrs. Pratt, Woodford & Co.

Mr. JOHN BARTLETT, Cambridge, has in press a Practical Handbook for Physicians and Apothecaries, entitled "Examination of Drugs and Medicines, Chemicals, &c., as to their Purity and Adulteration." The author is Dr. Peirce, translator of Stockhardt's Chemistry.

The New York Ecclesiologist, Vol. 4, No. 1, for January, has just been delivered to subscribers by Messrs. STANFORD & SWORDS. It contains half a dozen varied articles, and a Plate on Chancel Furniture for a Mission Church. "The Present Profit of Godliness," a Sermon preached before the Young Men of the city of New York in the Church of the Ascension, by the Rev. G. T. Bedell, is to-day published by the same house. Messrs. Stanford & Swords have in preparation a little book by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, entitled "Arthur and his Mother; or, the Child of the Church of England," with eight appropriate woodcuts.

From Arthur's Home Gazette we learn that the losses among the Philadelphia booksellers, in consequence of the burning of Hart's Building and Barnum's Museum, have been very heavy. Mr. Abraham Hart, of the late firm of Carey & Hart, was the owner of the first named property, at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, which he erected some five years ago at a cost of \$30,000. The cost of the lot was \$50,000. On the building he had an insurance of only \$10,000. The lot, as it now stands, is worth, perhaps \$70,000, property in that neighborhood having greatly increased in value.

Messrs. Johnson & Co., law booksellers, whose store adjoined Hart's Building in Chestnut street, were entirely burned out. Their loss is estimated at \$50,000—partly insured.

The store of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South Sixth street, adjoining Hart's on the north, was several times on fire and threatened with destruction, but the firemen, by their well directed efforts, saved it. The building is new, with a brown stone front. The firm estimate their loss at \$5000, the principal part by water.

Getz & Buck, periodical dealers, whose store was in the Hart building, lost we believe everything.

J. W. Moore's large and elegant stock of English and American books was considerably damaged.

At the corner of Chestnut and Seventh streets, under Barnum's Museum, was the elegant store of C. G. Henderson & Co., successors to Geo. S. Appleton. Most of their stock was removed, but necessarily much injured. They were insured for \$15,000.

Besides these losses from the burning of premises occupied by booksellers, most of our publishers are losers by the fire in Hart's Building, as the fifth story was occupied by Jno. M. Butler's extensive copper-plate printing establishment, in which were the steel plates of most of the illustrated works published in the city. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., E. H. Butler & Co., A. Hart, Thomas Cowperthwait & Co., Geo. R. Graham, publisher of Graham's Magazine, and many others, have lost valuable steel plates.

Among the valuable steel plates destroyed in Mr. Butler's establishment, was the celebrated engraving of the "Death-Bed of Wesley" which cost over \$5,000;—and "Mercy's Dream," and "Christiana in the Valley and Shadow of Death," the distributing pictures of the Philadelphia Art-Union, which cost some \$3,000.

### FOREIGN.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.—Reduced casts of the Theseus and Iliissus, made under the patronage and sanction of the Arundel Society of London, can be had at a guinea each, at Colnaghi & Co.'s print establishment.

The Hakluyt Society, for printing rare or unpublished voyages, &c., have in press Vol. II. of Notes upon Russia; being a Translation of the Earliest Account of that Country, by one Baron Haberstern, who was ambassador from Germany in the years 1517 and 1526. This volume also contains Captain Coats's Remarks on Many Voyages to Hudson's Bay, from the MS.

Number 1 of a new weekly journal, similar to Household Words, addressed "to the Lovers of Nature and the world at large," commenced in London on Jan. 3, under the title, "Kidd's London Journal."

The never-ceasing-to-propose Mr. Charles Knight is out again in a—"it is proposed to publish, commencing first of January," a Companion Library, or Traveller's Cabinet, which is to embrace the "Half Hours," "Companion Shakespeare," "Story Tellers," Dictionary of Difficulties, and others, to appear in shilling monthly numbers.

A copy of Caxton's Golden Legende, 1483, the rare first edition; Celsus de Medicina, first edition; Higden, Polychronicon, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495; and Galenus de Ossibus, first edition, 1535—all books so rare that they only turn up on some such occasion—were sold in London recently, on the demise of James Atkinson, Esq.

The peculiarities of a new edition of *Shakespeare*, entitled *The Lansdowne Shakespeare*, are described as follows: It is in one volume octavo, beautifully printed, and from the latest and best authorities. The names of the characters are placed in the centre of the text, unabridged (for the first time in any edition), and are printed with the whole of the stage directions in red ink, the text being in black.

Prof. Dunbar, of Greek Lexicon memory, died recently in Scotland. Drs. Wm. Smith and Schmitz, Prof. Maclise, &c., are spoken of as to succeed him in his professorship at Edinburgh.

Dr. Meinhold, whose name will be remembered in connexion with the "Amber Witch," is also now lately numbered with the dead.

Messrs. S. Orr & Co. are publishing a Travelling Atlas of England and Wales, with all



the Cities, Towns, Railways, &c., to be complete in seven monthly parts, at a shilling each. Also just published by them, is the first part, containing seven engravings of a re-issue of the Biographical and Portrait Gallery of the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society. This will be complete in twenty-four monthly numbers.

A Life of Stothard, with Illustrations from his Chief Works, printed in a novel style of art, is lately from the press of John Murray.

## TWO LIVING AZTEC CHILDREN.—

A New and Absolutely Unique Race of Mankind. The most extraordinary and inexplicable phenomena that the history of the human races has yet produced, can be seen for a few weeks at the large Exhibition Room of the SOCIETY LIBRARY, corner of Broadway and Leonard streets. They were recently taken from a newly discovered and idolatrous people in Central America, by whom they were kept with superstitious veneration, distinct and secluded as a caste of their priesthood, and employed as Mimes and Bacchanals in their Pagan ceremonies and worship.

They are male and female. The latter measuring 29½ inches in height, weighing 17 lbs.; the former is 33 inches high, and weighs 20 lbs.

From repeated and careful examination, the best physiologists state the elder to be 12 or 13 years of age; the younger about 10 years.

They differ altogether from examples of the dwarf kind, and from children; affording complete and undeniable illustration of a Pigmæan variety of the Human Race!

Tickets of admission, 25 cents. Children under 10 years, half price. Season Tickets, \$1. Doors open each day, from 11 until 1, and from 7 until 9 o'clock.

j17 tf

## FULTE'S HOMCEOPATHY.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

Booksellers and Publishers, No. 51 John st., New York. Have just Published the Second Edition of

FULTE'S HOMCEOPATHIC DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN, containing the Treatment of Diseases; with popular explanations on Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and Hydropathy; also an abridged Materia Medica. By J. H. Fulte, M.D.

The demand for this popular and comprehensive Treatise could only be met by the prompt issue of this second and improved edition, in which the author has made important corrections, and added some articles on Diseases not treated of in the first edition. Few works of this nature have been received with more general satisfaction. Published in one handsome large 12mo. price \$1 50. Also,

OUTLINES OF CHEMISTRY, for the Use of Students. By William Gregory, M.D., Prof. of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. First American, from the second London edition; revised, corrected, and enlarged, by J. Milton Saunders, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati. Price \$2.

"This is, beyond comparison, the best introduction to Chemistry which has yet appeared. The directions for preparing substances are usually confined to the best methods, so that brevity and selectness are combined. The size and price of this little work, as well as its intrinsic merits, recommend it to every student of Chemistry."—*London Lancet*. Also,

THE NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER; a collection of Oratorical and Dramatical Pieces, Soliloquies and Dialogues, with an Introductory Essay on the Elements of Elocution, designed for the use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By J. C. Zachos. Price \$1 25.

IN PRESS.

WILLARD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, in the Spanish Language.

n22 tf

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers.

## PARTNER WANTED.

A YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN, of good business habits, with a Cash Capital of \$3000 to \$5000, is wanted in an old established Bookselling House, at DETROIT, Mich. Satisfactory testimonials will be required. Address,

j17 4t

BOX 86, DETROIT P. O., MICH.

## THE WORKS OF CALHOUN.

"A Disquisition on Government, and an Essay on the Constitution and Government of the United States."

BY JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Any quantity of the above can now be supplied, and orders from any part of the United States addressed to the subscriber at Columbia, S. C., will be promptly attended to.

A. S. JOHNSTON,  
PUBLISHER AND AGENT.

ja10 3t

## JUST PUBLISHED.

### DODD'S High School Arithmetic,

CONTAINING  
THE ELEMENTARY AND THE HIGHER PRINCIPLES AND APPLICATION OF  
THE SCIENCE,

AND APPENDICES

On Exchange and Mathematical Probabilities, with Applications of the Latter to Life Annuities and Life Insurance.

BY J. B. DODD,

President of Transylvania University.

### PALMER'S Common School Book-Keeping.

TREATISE ON  
PRACTICAL BOOK-KEEPING AND  
BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS,

EMBRACING  
THE SCIENCE OF ACCOUNTS, AND THEIR  
EXTENSIVE APPLICATIONS.

BY J. H. PALMER,

Instructor in the New York Free Academy.

### BULLIONS'S CICERO,

In continuation of the  
CLASSICAL SERIES OF TEXT-BOOKS, &c.

By REV. P. BULLIONS, D.D.

Teachers in want of the best books for Schools are earnestly invited to examine these works.

PRATT, WOODFORD & CO.,

j17 2t

No. 4 Cortland st.

HISTORIA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS,  
POR EMMA WILLARD.

A. S. BARNES & Co.,

Have Just Published

WILLARD'S  
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
IN THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.  
Price \$1 75.

The call for a Spanish translation of Mrs. Willard's History is a fair recommendation of the work, as it is published in the English tongue, of which Hon. Daniel Webster says of an early edition, "I keep it near me, as a Book of reference, accurate in facts and dates."

d30

## New and Popular Books.

W. HOLDREDGE,

140 Fulton Street, New York,

HAVING purchased the Wholesale Book and Publishing Establishment at the above number, respectfully invites Merchants, Peddlers, Clergymen, Colporteurs, Agents, Clubs, Public and District School Committees, and all others in want of Books or Stationery, cheap, to give him a call.

He will keep constantly on hand a new and fresh stock of Miscellaneous Books and Stationery, comprising the new, popular, and valuable Works of the day, which will be offered for cash or city acceptance below the market prices.

Goods ordered not found satisfactory may be returned in good condition, and the money paid will be refunded.

## JUST PUBLISHED:

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Royal 18mo., 320 pages.

Style of Abbott's Fireside Series, Price 63 cents.

Do. do. Paper, " 38 cents.

The writings of this amiable and talented authoress have become very popular, and are destined to accomplish much in forming happy homes for husbands and wives, children and domestics, rich and poor.

Also, the third edition of

A WINTER IN MADEIRA,  
AND A SUMMER IN SPAIN AND FLORENCE.

By Hon. JOHN A. DIX.

"Whoever wishes to gain an ample and reliable fund of information with regard to this island, can scarcely find a more trustworthy guide than the present volume."  
—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

In Two Parts.

With the Life of Bunyan, and Notes by Scott, Mason, and others. The best 12mo. edition published. 400 pp. with four Steel and fifteen Wood Engravings. Price \$1.

## ABBOTT'S FIRESIDE PIETY;

Or, the Duties and Enjoyments of Family Religion. In Two Parts. Royal 18mo. 237 pp., with Illuminated Title and Steel Engravings; bound in uniform style with Abbott's Historical Series. Price 62½ cts.

## CHINA AND THE ENGLISH;

Or, the Character and Manners of the Chinese, Illustrating their Intercourse with Foreigners. With Illuminated Title, Frontispiece, & 20 Engravings. Royal 18mo. 350 pp.; bound to match Abbott's Historical Series. Price 75 cts.

## GEMS BY THE WAYSIDE;

An Offering of Purity and Truth. By Mrs. L. G. ABELL. Full gilt. Twelve Plates. Price \$2.

"This is a beautiful collection of essays, tales, sketches, and poems, from our best writers, made with great taste and care, and illustrated by fourteen fine steel engravings."—*Oneida Herald*.

## MEDICAL INFORMATION FOR THE MILLION;

Or, The True Guide to Health, on Eclectic and Reformed Principles.

BY C. D. HAMMOND, M.D.

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

Fourth Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged. With out or with nearly One Hundred fine illustrations.

Price in leather and cloth, \$1 50; paper, \$1. 12mo. 528 pp.

The volume here offered to the public is of a character that gives it a claim to the attention of every intelligent mother in the land; and we are assured on the highest medical authority, that its advice is sensible and salutary, and that its circulation is calculated to do good.

## LETTER AND INVOICE FILE.

Manufactured and for Sale by Wm. HOLDREDGE, Publisher, Bookseller, and Stationer, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

"COUNTING-HOUSE CONVENIENCES.—Mr. W. Holdredge, No. 140 Fulton street, New York, has presented us with a new style of Letter File, 'a patented article,' with the form of a book, the size of a cap sheet of paper, and thick enough we should think, to file two hundred and fifty letters. By this plan a week's letters may be filed in a few minutes, and are so arranged as to be referred to with the same ease as a posted account on your ledger. The price is only \$1."—*Albany State Register*, my 30w 1y

## HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

WM. S. ORR & CO.,  
LONDON.

In royal 8vo. cloth.

## MILNER'S GALLERY OF NATURE.

A Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation. Illustrative of the Wonders of Astronomy, Physical Geography, and Geology. With 16 Engravings on Steel, and many hundred Vignettes and Diagrams.

In 2 vols. royal 8vo. cloth.

## BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. With Historical and Biographical Notes.

In royal 8vo. cloth.

## BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES. With Historical and Biographical Notes.

In imperial 4to. cloth, and half bound Russia, or morocco.

## THE ATLAS OF POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY. 53 Maps. Revised by A. Petermann, F.R.G.S. With Descriptive Letter-press by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A.

In imperial 4to. cloth and half bound Russia, or morocco.

## THE ATLAS OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Comprised in 16 Maps. Constructed by A. Petermann, F.R.G.S. With Descriptive Letter-press, by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A.

In royal 4to. cloth, price 31s. 6d.; half bound Russia, or morocco, 35s.

## A DESCRIPTIVE ATLAS OF ASTRONOMY, and of PHYSICAL and POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY. Comprised in 75 Maps. With Letter-press Descriptive, by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A., author of the "Gallery of Nature," &amp;c.

In imperial 8vo. with Illuminated Initials, and many new Illustrations, Plans of Grecian Cities, Coins, &amp;c. &amp;c.

## GREECE: PICTORIAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND HISTORICAL. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster, Author of "Athena and Attica." Third Edition, carefully revised by the Author.

A supply kept on hand by

BANGS, BROTHER &amp; CO.,

3717

13 PARK ROW.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
METALLIC PENS FOR  
ALL WRITERS!!Manufacturer's Warehouse,  
No. 91 John Street, New York,

Where a large Stock of these well-known Pens, suitable for every description of writing, may always be found and which are offered to the Trade on liberal terms.

MR. GILLOTT

Desires to Caution the Public against the  
Practices of certain Pretended Manufactur-  
ers of Steel Pens,

Who, by assuming the style and character of

LABELS,

with the same Names, Descriptions, and Designating Numbers, as his Pens, seek to impose on buyers!

OBSERVE!

All Packages or Boxes of JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS have a Fac-simile of his signature on the reverse side.

None others are genuine, and the Public is advised further, that in all cases where his Numbers, and the phraseology of his Labels are adopted by other Parties (with especial reference to his No. 303), THE PENS are NOT made by him, though asserted so to be.

HENRY OWEN,

11317

AGENT

## NOW READY.

## CLOVERNOOK;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR HOME  
IN THE WEST.

BY ALICE CAREY.

ILLUSTRATED BY DARLEY.

One volume, 12mo.

"We do not hesitate to predict for these sketches a wide popularity. They bear the true stamp of genius—simple, natural, truthful—and evince a keen sense of the humor and pathos, of the comedy and tragedy, of life in the country. No one who has ever read it can forget the sad and beautiful story of Mary Wildermings; its weird fancy, tenderness, and beauty; its touching description of the emotions of a sick and suffering human spirit, and its exquisite rural pictures. The moral tone of Alice Carey's writings is unobjectionable always."—J. G. WHITTIER.

"Miss Carey's experience has been in the midst of rural occupations, in the interior of Ohio. Every word here reflects this experience, in the rarest shapes, and most exquisite hues. The opinion now appears to be commonly entertained, that Alice Carey is decidedly the first of our female authors; an opinion which Fitz Greene Halleck, J. G. Whittier, Dr. Griswold, Wm. D. Gallagher, Bayard Taylor, with many others, have on various occasions endorsed."—*Illustrated News*.

"If we look at the entire catalogue of female writers of prose fiction in this country, we shall find no one who approaches Alice Carey in the best characteristics of genius. Like all genuine authors, she has peculiarities; her hand is detected as unerringly as that of Poe or Hawthorne; as much as they she is apart from others and above others; and her sketches of country life must, we think, be admitted to be superior even to those delightful tales of Miss Mitford, which, in a similar line, are generally acknowledged to be equal to anything done in England."—*International Magazine*.

"Miss Carey's sketches are remarkably fresh, and exquisite in delicacy, humor, and pathos. She is booked for immortality."—*Home Journal*.

## ALSO IN PRESS:

I. CHARACTERS IN THE GOSPELS, as illustrating phases of Character at the Present Day. By Rev. E. H. Chapin.

II. NARRATIVES OF SORCERY AND MAGIC. From the most Authentic Sources. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &amp;c. &amp;c. In one vol. 12mo.

III. MEN AND WOMEN OF THE 18th CENTURY. By Arsene Houssaye.

IV. PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES. By the same Author.

V. AYTOUN'S LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. In one vol. 12mo.

VI. THE BOOK OF BALLADS. Edited by Bon Gaultier. 1 vol. 12mo.

VII. THE CAVALIERS OF ENGLAND; or, the Times of the Revolutions of 1642 and 1688. By Henry W. Herbert.

VIII. THE KNIGHTS OF THE OLDEN TIME; or, the Chivalry of England, France, and Spain. By Henry W. Herbert. In one volume 12mo.

IX. THE CHEVALIERS OF FRANCE, from the Crusaders to the Marshalls of Louis XIV.

X. OUTLINES OF COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY. By Jas. W. Redfield, M.D. Illustrated by Portraits of Men and Animals.

## RECENTLY PUBLISHED:

## I. DREAM LAND BY DAYLIGHT:

A Panorama of Romance.

By CAROLINE CHESBRO.

1 vol. 12mo.

## II. THE LADIES OF THE COVENANT.

Memoirs of Distinguished Scottish Female Characters, embracing the period of the Covenant and the Persecution.

By THE REV. JAMES ANDERSON.

1 vol. 12mo.

## III. EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

By ACHETA DOMESTICA.

Third Series—Insects of Autumn. 1 vol. 8vo. beautifully illustrated.

## IV. EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

Second Series—Insects of Summer.

## V. EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

First Series—Insects of Spring.

J. S. REDFIELD,  
CLINTON HALL.

38 if

## Purdon's Digest—1700 to 1851.

Laws of Pennsylvania.

## KAY &amp; BROTHER,

Law Publishers &amp; Booksellers,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

## PURDON'S DIGEST:

## A DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA,

From the year 1700 to the 22d day of April, 1846.

SEVENTH EDITION.

The first four editions by the late John Purdon, Esq., the last three by the Hon. G. M. Stroud.

Brought down to the 28th day of April, 1851, with a new and complete index to the entire work in 425 additional pages.

By F. C. BRIGHTLY, Esq.,

Author of "A Treatise on the Law of Costs," editor of *Binn's Justice*, &c. &c.

In one thick volume, of 1606 pages, 8vo. Price \$6.

## IN PRESS

And to be published early in the Spring,

## Wharton's American Criminal Law.

New and Second Edition.

## A TREATISE

## ON THE CRIMINAL LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

Comprising a Digest of the Penal Statutes of the General Government, and of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, with the decisions of cases arising upon these Statutes.

Together with the English and American authorities upon Criminal Law in general.

By FRANCIS WHARTON.

This Standard Work will be revised and improved, and also greatly enlarged by the introduction of several new chapters, including a chapter on "PREPARATION FOR TRIAL," which will be a complete treatise on the subject; embracing all the material necessary for the practitioner to prepare his case for trial.

KAY &amp; BROTHER,

Law Publishers and Booksellers,  
193 Market street. PHILADELPHIA.

33 21

## DAVIDSON'S

ILLUSTRATED LIBRETTO-BOOKS  
OF THE OPERA.

Elegantly printed in small 4to.

A new work for the Opera-Admirer, printed on an entirely novel plan; the Music of all the principal Pieces being given, and placed over the English and Foreign Version of the Words, so that the Reader is not only able to follow the Music as well as the Libretto of the Opera, but has a complete preservation of both for after reference or performance.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

MASANIELLI, with 11 Pieces of Music; NORMA, with 11 Pieces; IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, with 11 Pieces; LE PROPHETE, 9 Pieces; LA CENERENTOLA, 10 Pieces; OTELLO, 8 Pieces; DON PASQUALE, 6 Pieces; LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX, 10 Pieces; LUCIA DI LAMMERMOIR, 11 Pieces; DON GIOVANNI, 9 Pieces; DER FREISCHUTZ, 10 Pieces; LA FAVORITA, 8 Pieces; MEDEA, 10 Pieces; SEMIRAMIDE, 9 Pieces; LUCREZIA BORGIA, 9 Pieces; LES HUGUENOTS, 10 Pieces; LA SONNAMBULA, 10 Pieces; LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, 10 Pieces.

\* \* A new Opera on the 1st of each Month.

DAVID DAVIDSON, 109 NASSAU STREET,  
And CHAS. WELFORD, ASTOR HOUSE.

Also order of all Booksellers.

Besides the above, most of which are kept for sale, D. D. receives orders for all the Musical Publications of G. H. Davidson of London—Lists of which may be had gratis on application.

13 21



## JUST PUBLISHED.

**LATHAM'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.**  
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

REVISED BY PROF. CHILD, OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Teachers are respectfully invited to examine this Grammar; copies will be furnished on application to CLARKE, AUSTEN &amp; SMITH, New York; PHILLIPS, SAMPSON &amp; CO., Boston, or to the Publisher.

JOHN BARTLETT, Cambridge.

## ALSO—IN PRESS,

**EXAMINATIONS OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
CHEMICALS, &c.,**

AS TO THEIR PURITY AND ADULTERATION.

By CHARLES H. PEIRCE, M.D.,

Translator of Stockhardt's Principles of Chemistry and Examiner of Drugs, &amp;c., for the Port of Boston.

This is a practical Hand Book for the use of Physicians, Apothecaries, and Druggists, &amp;c., and the methods for testing the different drugs will be of the most simple and satisfactory character. ja17 3t

*American Medical Journal for January.*

BLANCHARD &amp; LEA, PHILADELPHIA,

PUBLISH THIS DAY,

**American Medical Journal of the Medical Sciences.**

EDITED BY ISAAC HAYS, M.D.

No. XLV.; NEW SERIES, FOR JANUARY, 1852.

## CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS—MEMOIRS AND CASES.

I.—Medical and Surgical Notes of Campaigns in the War with Mexico, during the years 1845, 1846, 1847, and 1848. By John B. Porter, M.D.

II.—Cases of Empyema, with remarks, especially in reference to Paracentesis. By Wm. Pepper, M.D.

III.—Summary Report of the Hospital Department of the U. S. Frigate Cumberland, during a cruise to the Mediterranean, from July 19th, 1849, to July 9th, 1851. By Edward B. Squibb, M.D.

IV.—On the Treatment of Vesico-Vaginal Fistula. By J. Marion Sims, M.D. With twenty-two wood cuts.

V.—Remarks on Atelectasis Pulmonum, or Imperfect Expansion of the Lungs, and Collapse of the Lungs in Children; with cases. By J. Forsyth Meigs, M.D.

VI.—Extracts from the Records of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement. By Wm. W. Morland, M.D.

VII.—On the Reproduction of Lactation. By Ariel Ballou, M.D.

VIII.—On the Relations of the Medical Witness with the Law and the Lawyer. By Samuel Parkman, M.D.

IX.—A Case of Ossification of the Placenta, occurring several times in the same individual. By Charles Garrison, M.D.

X.—A Case of Poisoning with Oil of Tansy—Death at the end of three hours and a half—Quantity of the drug taken about 1 oz. and iii dr. By John C. Dalton, Jr., M.D.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences is published Quarterly, price \$5 per annum. When paid in advance, the Medical News and Library, a monthly periodical, is furnished gratis.

In the January Number of the "Medical News" is commenced the publication of the "Lectures on General Pathology, as conducive to the Establishment of Rational Principles for the Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases," by John Simon, M.D., of which the whole will be given in the volume for 1852. These Lectures, which were delivered last year at St. Thomas's Hospital, are of the highest value and importance, presenting a very comprehensive though concise view of the subject, and embracing all the most recent discoveries and doctrines of the science.

## ALSO, NOW READY:

**ESSAYS ON LIFE, SLEEP, PAIN, &c.**

BY SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M.D.,

Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of South Carolina.  
In one very handsome volume, royal 12mo., extra cloth. ja17**B. M. NORMAN, Bookseller and Stationer,**

NO. 14 CAMP STREET, NEW ORLEANS, La.

**STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,  
ANNUALS AND ILLUSTRATED WRKS,  
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,  
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES,  
STAPLE AND ELEGANT STATIONERY.**

## IN PRESS.

**Men of the Times in 1852;**

COMPRISING

*Short, succinct, and carefully prepared Biographical Sketches, alphabetically arranged, of all the celebrated**Living Authors, Artists, Statesmen, Men of Science, Sovereigns, Travellers, Voyagers, Commanders, Divines, &c., &c.,**of the Present Day in the World.*

It is intended to supply a want that is daily and hourly felt by every newspaper and periodical reader in the country. It will be an indispensable supplement to every Biographical Dictionary, none of which touch on living characters.

It will be published simultaneously in England and this country. The articles have been prepared by competent persons on both sides of the Atlantic.

1 vol. 12mo. cloth.

**Darley's Outlines of Margaret.**

J. S. R. is happy to announce that he has made arrangements with the celebrated artist, F. O. DARLEY, and will shortly publish his beautiful and long-expected Outline Compositions, from Judd's Novel of

**MARGARET;**

A TALE OF THE REAL AND IDEAL.

It will be published in Six Consecutive Nos., comprising in all thirty plates, with the letter-press extracts from which the subjects were taken.

Persons leaving their names with the booksellers, or their places, will secure early impressions.

Price of each Part, \$1; India proofs, \$2.

**Noble's Illustrated Life of  
Thomas Cole,**

THE ARTIST.

Containing the Writings of the celebrated Artist,

**THOMAS COLE,**

AND HIS LIFE,

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

Illustrated by a Portrait and Twelve superb

Lith Engravings on Steel, from Cole's

Paintings, by the first Engravers in the Country.

And Woodcuts printed in the Text.

One volume 4to.

\* \* It is designed to make this the most beautiful and artistic volume ever published in this country. A limited number will be printed, and only furnished to Subscribers.

J. S. REDFIELD,

ja17 u

CLINTON HALL, N. Y.

NOW READY.

*New Themes for the Protestant Clergy.***NEW THEMES  
FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY;**

Creeds without Charity, Theology without Humanity, and Protestantism without Christianity;

with Notes by the Editor on the Literature of Charity, Population, Pauperism, Political Economy, and Protestantism. 1 vol. 12mo.

**REGULATIONS  
FOR THE UNIFORM AND DRESS  
OF THE ARMY OF THE  
UNITED STATES.***From the original Text and Drawings in the War Department.*

THIRD EDITION.

Also

**COMMERCIAL AND MECHANICAL  
ARITHMETIC.**

BY C. TRACY, A.M.

IN PRESS.

**PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF DANIEL  
WEBSTER.**

LYNDE WEISS. A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.,  
14 North Fourth street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

THE FIFTH EDITION OF

**NEW YORK:****Past, Present, and Future,**

BY E. PORTER BELDEN, M.A.,

*Has been issued by PRALL, LEWIS & CO.*

We have made arrangements by which we have bound, and will continue to bind with each edition of the above, the

**AMERICAN ADVERTISER;  
A REFERENCE WORK FOR  
PURCHASERS.**

Containing the Cards of Merchants and Manufacturers in every line of business.

Price, including both of the works, 25 cents, and upwards.

**STURGES ON  
THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.**

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

Price, in muslin, 75 cents; in paper, 50 cents.

*The Cheapest Almanac of the Season!***AMERICAN  
COMMERCIAL ALMANAC  
FOR 1852,**

Containing, besides the astronomical matter, numerous statistical details relative to the government, judiciary, population, resources, and commerce of the Union; all the details of inland and foreign postage, and the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES in full, the latter of which alone usually sells for twice the price of the Almanac. Price 64 cts. single; \$4 per hundred; \$35 per thousand.

PRALL, LEWIS &amp; CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

76 Nassau st., New York.

j105t

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY, BOSTON,**  
WILL SOON PUBLISH:**MEMOIRS OF SARAH MARGARET FULLER,  
MARCHESA OSSOLI,**EDITED BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND WILLIAM H. CHANNING.  
Two volumes 12mo.**ROBINSON CRUSOE, An entire New Edition.**

Illustrated with numerous fine Engravings, by our most eminent artists. It will be complete in one volume, and will be uniform in size and price with our edition of the Standard Poets.

*Phillips, Sampson & Co. have Recently Published:***CARLYLE'S LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.**

One volume 12mo.

**MARGARET: A Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom;**

INCLUDING SKETCHES OF A PLACE NOT BEFORE DESCRIBED, CALLED MONS CHRISTI.

*By the Author of "Richard Edney; or, the Governor's Family."***SKETCHES OF BOSTON AND VICINITY;**

CONTAINING

**AN ACCOUNT OF BOSTON IN THE TIMES OF THE PILGRIMS.**

By JOSIAH QUINCY.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF BOSTON FROM 1630 TO 1850.

THE CHURCHES OF BOSTON, WITH 60 ENGRAVINGS.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, WITH 24 ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLIC CHARITIES, &amp;c.

AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

MEDICAL, LAW, THEOLOGICAL, AND CLASSICAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE OBSERVATORY SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, GORE HALL.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

MOUNT AUBURN, FRESH POND, &amp;c. &amp;c.

One vol. 18mo., 120 Engravings, 358 pages, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1; extra fine paper, 16mo., 3 Maps, \$1 50

**OUR CAMPAIGN; Or, Thoughts on the Career of Life.**

By E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

One vol. 12mo., 336 pages, cloth, 88 cts.

**LIFE IN VARIED PHASES,***Illustrated in a Series of Sketches.* By MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

One volume, 288 pages, 12mo. Cloth, price 75 cents.

n4

THE SECOND AND LAST SUPPLY IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

PRICE \$7 00.

London Price,	\$7 50.
Former New York Price,	9 00.

**THE LONDON CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.**

WITH THEIR

**Sizes, Prices, and Publishers' Names.**

1816—1851.

There are some improvements introduced into this edition, which it is presumed will be found useful. The New Books of 1851 have been added up to the time that each sheet passed through the press. The delay occasioned in publishing the work has been caused by a desire to make it as correct as possible, and to incorporate all the alterations in price, &amp;c., up to the date of publication.

The Titles in many instances have been made more intelligible. The Authors' Names have also been more correctly defined and arranged.

Works published in series, such as Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Bohn's Libraries, &amp;c., although still remaining under their respective heads, are now also Catalogued in the regular Alphabet throughout; so that those who do not remember in what Series any particular book was published, will be able to find it without trouble.

The Dates of works relating to Voyages and Travels, as well as Statutes, Law Reports, &amp;c., are now inserted. In long alphabets, such as Jones, Smith, Taylor, Williams, Wilson, considerable difficulty has existed in finding out titles when the Christian name is not known. To facilitate reference, a duplicate list of each, in one alphabet, will be found at the end of the Catalogue, arranged under the titles of the respective works.

In other respects the arrangement of the last Edition has been adhered to; but it will be observed that the present is printed on larger paper, and contains nearly one fourth more matter.

The Publisher recommends those who purchase the "London Catalogue of Books, 1816—51," to preserve it. Subsequent Editions will not embrace so long a period of years; and, as this book will not be reprinted, it will be well to bear in mind that the only correct record of books published some thirty-five years back is to be found in the present Edition.

LONDON: THOMAS HODGSON.

DAVID DAVIDSON, AGENT,

109 Nassau street, New York.

Orders of any Bookseller; or, on receipt of a remittance of \$7 direct to DAVID DAVIDSON, the book will be sent free of carriage.

ja10



## EVERY FARMER'S BOOK.

# DANA'S MUCK MANUAL.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, AND GREATLY IMPROVED.

JUST PUBLISHED BY THE SUBSCRIBER,

**A New and Enlarged Edition of this Valuable Work,**

"Which, will be found to contain a fuller account of the Organic Matter of Soil than either of the preceding Editions."

This work has been universally commended by Agriculturists in all parts of this country; and in England it has been well received, and a portion of it reprinted.

Published by

JAMES P. WALKER, LOWELL, Mass.

Sold in New York by C. M. SAXTON, 152 Fulton street.

" in Albany by E. H. PEASE & CO.

" in Boston by LITTLE & BROWN; AND PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.

n22 eow3m

### Important Work on Operative Surgery.

JUST PUBLISHED, PART I. OF

## THE ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF OPERATIVE SURGERY AND SURGICAL ANATOMY.

BY MM. BERNARD AND HUETTE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS, AND

**Adapted to the Use of the American Student,**

BY W. H. VAN BUREN, M.D.,

Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital; and

C. E. ISAACS, M.D.,

Demonstrator of Anatomy to the College of Phys. and Surg., Crosby street, New York.

**Illustrated with upwards of a Hundred Steel Plates.**

Superbly Engraved and Colored especially for this Work, in Paris, after Drawings from Nature,

BY LEVEILLE.

PART II. IN DECEMBER.

To be completed in Four Parts, each containing about One Hundred large 8vo. Pages, and Twenty-five Plates.

Price per Part, Colored Plates, . . . . .	\$3 00
" " Plain Plates. . . . .	1 75

ALSO IN 8VO. PRICE \$5.

## VOLUME III. OF CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY;

*Or, Chemistry Applied to the Arts and Manufactures.*

By DRS. KNAPP, RONALDS, AND RICHARDSON.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE WOODCUTS & EIGHT FOLIO COLORED PLATES,

EMBRACING

SUGAR, BREAD, COFFEE, TEA, MILK, &c.

H. BAILLIERE,

290 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

### A GREAT WORK FOR THE PEOPLE.

FIFTH EDITION.

## HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH.

BY B. F. TEFFT, D.D.,

President of Genesee College, N. Y.

One Volume 12mo.

WITH PORTRAIT.

PRICE \$1 PER COPY.

JOHN BALL,

48 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, and

56 Gravier street, New Orleans.

ACTIVE CANVASSERS, ON APPLICATION, CAN FIND EMPLOYMENT  
FOR THE SALE OF THIS POPULAR AND TIMELY PUBLICATION. j10 2m

### TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, BOSTON,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

1.

#### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

By LONGFELLOW.

Beautifully illustrated, and bound to match their illustrated edition of "Evangeline."

2.

#### MR. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A new and beautifully illustrated edition, in one volume, elegantly bound.

3.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

With Designs by Billings.

Square 16mo. red cloth, 50 cents, to match "My Pets," "London Doll," &c.

4.

#### SECOND SERIES OF GREENWOOD LEAVES.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

1 volume 12mo. cloth, \$1 25, with Portrait.

5.

#### THE SNOW IMAGE, AND OTHER STORIES.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

One vol. 16mo., cloth, 75 cts.

In Press:

#### LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

By Lord COCKBURN.

#### LEIGH HUNT'S COMPLETE POETI- CAL WORKS.

THE NOONING.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### MEMOIR AND WRITINGS OF HART- LEY COLERIDGE. d20 tf

THE

### LONDON BUILDER;

A JOURNAL FOR THE

Architect, Engineer, Operative,  
and Artist.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Price \$6 a Year,

INCLUDING ENGLISH POSTAGE.

It is proposed to establish in this country an agency for this well established and valuable journal; and should a sufficient number of copies be subscribed for, it can be supplied at a very reduced rate. The Trade, and those who have been receiving it heretofore, as well as those who may wish it, are respectfully requested to address

DAVID DAVIDSON,

102 NASSAU STREET.

# HARPER & BROTHERS'

## LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

### I. LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B., LL.D.,  
Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

8vo. muslin, price \$1 75.

An elaborate, profound, philosophical work, written in a style of classical dignity, and displaying ample evidence of extensive research and deep reflection. The history of the Middle Ages is discussed with masterly skill. No writer has presented a more graphic and impressive portraiture of Charlemagne. As we come down to more recent times the interest of the work becomes still greater, the political dissertations being happily relieved with graceful sketches of literature, notices of Rabelais, Montaigne, and others, which are introduced with admirable effect. It is a work of unmistakable standard value, and will make an important addition to the library of great historical works.

They are thus characterized by a recent journal:—"The distinguishing characteristics of these lectures are an independent criticism, uninfluenced by previous authority, a religious philosophy which traces the effect of moral causes, the knowledge of a man of affairs, rather than of a statesman, and pellucid pleasantness of manner."

"Thoroughly clear, and always sensible, eloquent often, Sir James's lectures recommend themselves to the good will or to the friendship of a great many sections of the reading public, and all may be instructed and amused."—*London Examiner*.

### II. PART XIX. OF THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION;

Or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, ESQ.

With over Six Hundred Engravings on Wood, by Lossing & BARRITT, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author.

Publishing in Numbers, 8vo. paper, price 25 cents each. The work will be complete in two volumes.

Vol. I., handsomely bound in muslin, is now ready. Price \$3 50.

"Of all the works that have yet appeared, pretending to give us the details of the battles of the American Revolution, none can be compared with this. The matter is not only excellent in historical accuracy, but it abounds in anecdotes and reminiscences, freshly gathered by the indefatigable industry of the author; and the whole is presented in a free and brilliant style. The foot notes alone would make a tolerable sketch of the Revolution. Then the work is beautiful with some of the best engravings on wood that have been issued from the American press, designed by Mr. Lossing himself, whose enthusiasm in the subject is as evidently manifested through his pencil as his pen. Sketches of noted places connected with our Revolutionary History, likenesses of the living or dead who took part in it, autographs, facsimiles of public documents and of letters, representations of medals, &c., are all spread before us on the clean and rich page. When the work is completed, it must form a volume of two which will be worthy a place in every library and home."—*Univ. Quarterly Review*.

### III. AIMS AND OBSTACLES. A NOVEL.

By G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

8vo. paper, 50 cents.

"His works are lively and interesting, and animated by a spirit of sound and healthy morality of feeling, and of natural delineation in character."

"This work, like all its predecessors, abounds in lively sketches of character and charming descriptions of nature. For boldness of invention, variety of incident, and freshness of feeling, it is not surpassed by any recent production of its eminent author."

### IV. SIXTEEN MONTHS AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

By REV. DANIEL B. WOODS.

12mo. paper, 50 cents; cloth, 62½ cents.

"This book will be found to be reliable, useful, and entertaining. The author having been a miner himself, and acquainted with all its privations and sufferings, having experienced his elation at success, and his depression at failure—having rocked the gold digger's cradle, wielded his pick and spade, mused and slept with miners—he is prepared to present a full, intelligent, and correct view of his subject for those who have friends at the mines, or those who propose going there."

### V. A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

By MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

Translated from the German, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett.

12mo. paper, 60 cents; muslin, 75 cts.

"Ida Pfeiffer was born with an innate passion for travel. From earliest childhood her great longing was to see the world. In the volume now published, she describes a voyage to Brazil, with excursions into the interior, a voyage to Canton by way of Tabiti, a residence in China, Hindostan, Persia, Turkey, and other countries of most importance to the intelligent traveller. She possesses a happy talent of portraying incidents and facts in an agreeable manner, and her work is full of valuable information."

### VI. MOBY DICK; OR, THE WHALE

By HERMAN MELVILLE.

12mo. muslin, \$1 50.

"A prose Epic on Whaling. Mr. Melville's delineations of character are actually Shakespearean—a quality which is even more prominently evinced in 'Moby Dick' than in any of his antecedent efforts."—*National Intelligencer*.

"Nothing like it has ever before been written of the Whale."—*Literary World*.

"It gives us a higher opinion of the author's originality and power than even the fragrant and first fruits of his genius, the never to be forgotten 'Typee'."—*N. York Tribune*.

"A strange, wild work—no criticism will thwart its fascination."—*Lead. Leader*.

"Equal to anything we have ever met with."—*London Literary Gazette*.

"That Herman Melville knows more about whales than any from Jonah down, we do really believe."—*London Atlas*.

### VII. THE TUTOR'S WARD.

A NOVEL. By the Author of "Wayfaring Sketches."

8vo. paper—Price 25 cents.

"A master-piece of fiction. The plot is charged to the full with extraordinary incidents and adventures. The characters are delineated with graphic power, the scenes finished with dramatic effect, and the tale conducted to its close with sustained interest. Rarely has the power of love over the female heart been more beautifully portrayed than in this splendid tale."—*John Bull*.

### VIII. PART SIXTEEN OF LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR. BY HENRY MAYHEW.

With Illustrations from Daguerreotypes, by BEARD. 8vo. paper, price 12½ cents. Vol. I., bound in muslin, now ready.

"The work begins to possess the interest of a vivid panorama. Dickens has given us some touches of London life, but Dickens is not Mayhew, by any means. Dickens gives a particular feature, but Mayhew delineates with a strong pen the different phases of life at that mart of the world. Both the poet and the novelist will find in these pages abundant materials for many poems of fact and stories of reality."—*Greene Co. Whig*.

### IX. LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. CHALMERS.

EDITED BY REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D.

4 vols. 12mo. paper, 75 cents per volume; muslin, \$1 00 per volume.

"The style of Dr. Hanna's narrative is terse and manly, and he effectively indicates the path of his story, whether humorous or serious. But his great merit lies in his mastery of his subject and the management of his materials."—*Lead. Spectator*.

"A more interesting piece of biography we have seldom read."—*London Morning Advertiser*.

"This work will be sought for by scholars, men of literature, and Christians alike, with an avidity that no modern biography has excited, or been worthy of."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

"We had looked impatiently for this work, and have read a considerable portion of it with our expectations more than realized."—*New York Recorder*.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

82 Cliff street, New York.